

Mr. Barrie at the Aldine, with Portraits, etc.

"Men, Women and Books," by I. Zangwill.

The Critic

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Men, Women and Books

SELECTION IN ART

NATURE fashions her creations by natural selection, Art by artificial selection. To Selection (with or without Re-combination) Representative Art—that which achieves stimulation through simulation—owes all its varieties. For we are able without losing the sense of lifelikeness to attend to any aspect or aspects the artist may select from the confused fulness of life. A bust of Pitt or Washington gives us a sense of the living man. Different as is the white eyeless stone mask from the living face of flesh, the difference is not great enough to destroy the illusion of life. The points of resemblance predominate over the points of difference.

And in thus selecting, Art only follows the laws of thought, of attention. You cannot think at all, except by dropping every aspect but the particular one that interests you at the moment. Sometimes the merest shred of mental picture suffices, as when we talk sweepingly of London, Paris, America—those vast realities. In life—a restless, chaotic phantasmagoria where everything is related by innumerable threads to everything else—anything may be catalogued under countless heads. A baby is a biological phenomenon to the physiologist, a problem in heredity to the specialist, a soul to the baptising clergyman, an item of statistics to the Registrar-General, a datum for argument to the political economist, a delight to the mother, an heir to the father, a charge to the nurse, a nuisance to the neighbors, a ground of envy to the childless, a new client to the tradesman, and many other things to many other people. And when, from the sweet simplicity of the baby, we turn to a group of characters in complex relations to one another and to their environment, only Selection can guide us amid the chaos. We must look at them in some particular way.

Take a congregation in church,—to the preacher they are all sinners. Which is true. From duchess to ploughboy, every one of us falls away from grace. To the physician they are all more or less unhealthy and insane. To the philosopher they illustrate certain laws of social growth. To the painter they are colors and forms seen under certain lights. To the dramatist and novelist they appeal by virtue of their own living interest. The artistic is thus only one of the many ways in which things may be looked at; and of this general way there are many subordinate ways, for, though in one form of Art—the novel—the attempt is to seize the whole, yet most Art seizes but an aspect. Thus the Classic drama selected only the dignified elements of life. The figures of the Greek plays were masked and their stature and voices artificially increased, and of the manifold medley of real life they presented only one aspect; yet because this aspect *is* sometimes uppermost in real life, the illusion of life was not destroyed. There were not sufficient negative points to obliterate the positive points of resemblance. The defect of the Classic drama, as written, was that it sought its dignity in kings and princesses, and was blind to the dignity that lurked in the tragedies of the obscure. The ratio of two to four is as great as that of two millions to four millions; and, as Shakespeare perceived, the beetle we tread upon suffers as great a pang as when a giant dies.

THE CLASSIC, THE ROMANTIC AND THE COMIC

The Comedy of Aristophanes was produced by the selection of the grotesque side of life. To the Greeks unity of key, of mood, was demanded in a work of art. But the great tragedies of Shakespeare mingle grotesquerie with dignity. The art has ceased to be Classic, has become Romantic.

Even in Shakespeare, however, these aspects are practically kept separate: they are sandwiched rather than fused with each other. Shylock, Macbeth and Othello move each in his own orbit, occasionally intersecting that of the Clown. Shakespeare does not run the two in one character, exhibiting the sublime and the ridiculous without even a step between them. Hamlet and Lear may, perhaps, be said to be an approach to such handling, but the actual achievement rests with Cervantes. "Don Quixote" initiates Realism, for the highest Realism will always be simultaneously inspired by the twin Muses of Comedy and Tragedy. 'Tis the only complete way of exhibiting human life—its selection being representative of the whole. Comedy or Satire is in its onesidedness the obverse of Classic Tragedy—so far away from the manifold medley of reality that its personages are often but embodied humors, even as those of Classic Tragedy are often but dignified attributes incarnated. Farce is produced by the selection and isolated presentation of the comic element. Mysticism is reached by the blur of all detail and the absorption of human beings into the great elemental conditions in which they live and move and have their being, even as at night the slums and palaces of a great city seen from a tower are blurred into a homogeneous mystery sleeping under the stars. The selection of the weird or horrible elements of life is the secret of the art of a Poe; it is a *genre* that requires unity of key for its finest effects. So do the supernatural and the idyllic *genres*. Last and perhaps least comes the *genre* of incident—incident, that is, in the sense of exciting happenings irrelevant to character. No element is less close to the manifold medley of total life than incident, for it is, by its very definition, an exception to the normal phenomena of life. Incident is accident, art is essence. Novels of incident are merely amplified anecdotes. And of such are the beginnings of the art of fiction, which started in its anecdotalage; for to select from human life the exciting exceptions is to select the most obviously interesting fragments of the manifold medley. Our most popular newspapers are those which would give a foreigner the idea that English life is all murders and wife-beatings. Crude souls will always find interest only in the abnormal, missing the mystery of the normal, and preferring fireworks to the stars.

This analysis throws back the tragedy or humor, the pathos or horror of any position, largely upon the percipient artist. And so it is; for the sense of these, as we have seen, changes with the ages. Much of the old humor seems cruel to the more sensitive modern, while he smiles at not a little that moved his ancestors' reverence. A dozen artists dealing with the same piece of life will turn you out a dozen different pieces of art. They will not only select different aspects, thereby producing different genres, but they will suffuse their work each with a special atmosphere. It is this personal suffusion that distinguishes art from photography.

THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL NOT PHOTOGRAPHIC

But it is a vast and widespread fallacy of contemporary criticism to speak of the naturalistic novel as photography. Never has a more question-begging phrase confused a question confusing enough in itself. For photography is a mechanical process; and although no one pretends that any literary Kodak has yet been invented for taking snap-shots at life, yet all the invidious associations of the mechanical making of pictures are transferred by this misleading metaphor to the poor naturalistic novelist. There never was and never can be a naturalistic novel which has not to the full as much imagination as any romantic novel. For imagination is merely re-combination of experience in new forms;

and whereas the naturalistic novelist gathers his own experiences, the romantic novelist usually but re-combines, or even only imitates, the ideas of his predecessors. Nothing in life is more difficult than observation: actually to see life as it is; and the reporter, instead of being the lowest man, the rawest hand, on a newspaper, should be the highest and the most experienced. I have never myself been present at any scene reported in the newspapers without finding the grossest inaccuracies. We forget that the baldest police-court reports are not facts, but facts seen (and too often mis-seen) through the eyes of reporters. The most honorable and chivalrous man I have ever known once appeared in a case which made his character temporarily dubious, and the reporters noted his scowling visage and his shuffling gait. If, then, a realistic novelist were a photographer, if he gave as true an impression as a photograph, that were wonderful enough. What! without a camera, by mere sureness of eye and hand, he has turned you out a photograph! But the analogy will not hold a moment. To suppose any novelist can really be impersonal—and therefore inartistic—is as absurd as to suppose there can be absolutely copper-plate hand-writing. Not to have an attitude is itself an attitude.

Even the unemotional reproduction of "reality" adds to Nature. My view of London from Primrose Hill is *my* view: it does not exist except in my vision. It is a combination of me and the landscape; and I can call a hundred different views, with variations of size, color and perspective, into temporary existence by changing my position on the hill, or by wearing green, blue, or red glasses. And if this is so with a comparatively simple phenomenon like a landscape, how much more so with the phenomena of human life, concerning which who shall dare say: "Thus it is and thus only"? Suppose a novelist should take for his theme the London Hospital. But the London Hospital shows very differently to patient and physician, nurse and medical student, visitor and philanthropist. Each has a different picture in his or her mind. The novelist's picture of it, due to his perception of the totality of the Hospital—patients, nurses, physicians, students, visitors, philanthropists, in relation to one another, Whitechapel, London and the Universe—would not be a copy of "facts": it could never come into existence but for his sight and insight. It would contain facts about himself as well as about the Hospital. In this sense Art is a branch of autobiography.

"A PAGEANT OF VARIEGATED TYPES"

The naturalistic novelist not only observes, but observes essences; he generalizes and re-combines. And unless the romantic novelist is really great, able to give life to imaginative figures, as Milton to Satan or Æschylus to Prometheus, he will be easily beaten in the production of *lifelikeness* and in the *variety* of his figures. For while the romantic novelist must trudge a barren round, with his gallant heroes and impeccable heroines, life spreads before the realistic novelist an inexhaustible pageant of variegated types. The flux of life is incessantly fashioning new figures in new social relations with new subtleties of psychology. The first romanticists were realists, they observed as well as they knew how, and their notions of princesses and lords, "fair women and brave men," are still those of the lower reading classes. Moreover, like the first historians, they observed only the obvious picturesque figures of the human panorama. In using their figures over again we are not romanticists, but plagiarists. Fielding and Dickens, those keen observers, went to life for their minor characters, and these live. They invented their heroes and heroines, and lo! mere dummies. I know that Thackeray in his preface to "Pendennis" said that since "Tom Jones" no one had dared to draw a man. But I take leave to think that even the exhibition of Tom Jones's vices is not enough to make a man of him. Sophia Western was, perhaps, Fielding's one conception of the

"young lady." It was left for George Eliot, Henry James and Meredith to show us a hundred varieties of the species.

Beauty in a heroine was enough to stimulate the crude art-sense of the first novel-readers. "Jane Eyre" found an audience ready for subtler stimulations, and the lifelikeness which was sufficient for one age is often not enough for another. Paul Dombey and Little Nell do not satisfy this generation's keener sense of the realities of child-life. Wherefore it is best to be grounded in reality: he who cheats will be found out. For an inartistic reason, therefore, it is well for the artist to be true to life. But there is a still more inartistic reason for realism. It is because art has such influence upon life, because people's lives are colored by what they read, that men have craved for novels that shall give true pictures of it. Too many novelists have given us not so much imagination as falsification. Hence the naturalistic novel rose partly as a protest against false views and a false philosophy of life. It was not only an artistic movement, but a philosophic and scientific movement, and its products were meant as much for treatises and pamphlets as for works of art, the artistic form being chosen for its vividness. As even one of our English novelists—Charles Reade—said: "I have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes the dry bones live."

THE TEST OF THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL

But from the artistic standpoint naturalistic novels must be primarily gauged, not by the truth in them, but by the art in them. There is only one test. Do they stimulate? Then they are art despite all their science! Do they depress? Then, whatever else they are, they are not art. But, remember, it is not the exaltation or depression of Tom, Dick and Harry, or even of the young person, that is the test, but of our hypothetic critic. Remember, also, that "realism" or "naturalism" does not mean unpleasantness. The sunrise is as real as a dustbin, and unselfish love as prostitution. And the bad treatment of pleasant things may be depressing, just as the good treatment of unpleasant things may be stimulating. Every novel that deals truly with life is "naturalistic,"—in fact, the word "novel" should mean the "naturalistic novel,"—any other kind of story should be classified as romance. A novel is a picture of life and manners. Neither the splendor nor the sordidness of its subject-matter affects it as art. For art is not beautiful because it deals with the beautiful, nor ugly because it deals with the ugly. Art is great not because it deals with great things, but because it deals greatly with things. The artist is the true Midas, transmuting everything to gold: filth translated into art is no longer filth, representation is *not* reality, and a book dealing with the most sordid aspects of existence may yet stimulate and exalt by its revelation of the pity and insight of the author, the impetus of his style and the sincerity of his observation.

What sounded more depressing at first than "the survival of the fittest"? Yet there are now minds to whom the thought gives a religious cosmic rapture, born of worshipful acquiescence in Nature's vast methods. If "sewers and cesspools" in art do not give us the art-stimulus, it is because the art is not great enough. But, conceding for argument's sake that not even the handling of a Zola can make them artistic, even so the Zola might retort, "Art be d—d! I am a man-of-letters. My aim is Truth."

And here at last we light upon a consideration which may reconcile the reader who is shocked to find Truth and Art divorced—to wit, art merely *quâ* art is not of the first importance in life. It is a playing with life, an outcome, as

Schiller said, of the play-impulse, the exuberance of energies not exhausted in the struggle for existence. This is what Carlyle felt when he denounced mere rhymesters and canvas-colorers; it was the secret of his "imperfect affinities" (in Elia's phrase) with Shakespeare himself. 'Tis Hebraism versus Hellenism—the earnestness of the writers of the Bible, whose art is an unconscious enhancement, a by-product struck off at white heat, against the self-conscious manipulation of themes by Æschylus or Sophocles. A sense of it lies behind the eternal distrust of the Puritan for the make-believe of Art, his suspicion of the theatre and the nudities of Pagan beauty. A prick of atavistic Calvinism caused the writer with the profoundest instinct for make-believe our generation has seen—Robert Louis Stevenson—suddenly to declare that the artist was no better than a *fille de joie*. Hence, too, the liking of the public for books which, bad as art and transitory in theme, touch its conscience or its sympathies. And hence, finally, the writer of naturalistic novels, the devotee of Art for Truth's sake, may fulfil a higher function than the weavers of false romance or the artists-for-Art's-sake, like the elegant writer who, in "Aphrodite," has set the Seine on fire with the classic treatment of unnatural vices.

I. ZANGWILL.

(Continued from Oct. 17. To be concluded.)

Literature

The Thistle Edition of Stevenson

Vol. XVII. *Vailima Letters*. Vol. XVIII. *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin; Records of a Family of Engineers*. Vol. XIX. *The South Seas*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OF THESE THREE volumes, "The South Seas," which includes, also, the "Foot-Note to History" *in re* the Samoan trouble, is the most likely to endure, principally because of the interest of its subject-matter; but at the present moment Stevenson's account of his family and forebears (Vol. XVIII.) is the most likely to arouse curiosity. It is not surprising that he should seek to establish for himself a possible Highland ancestry. A man of his temperament, imaginative, sensitive, artistic and sympathetic, must have found much to dislike, if not to detest, in the average Lowlander—narrow, contentious, penurious and severely practical. He could not even warm to his countrymen's vices. Accordingly, most Lowland Scotchmen account him a black sheep, and would rejoice could it be demonstrated that he was really a Mac-Stein, or MacStophane, or Macgregor, or the like. In his efforts to discover a probable Highland connection, Stevenson has shown that his own name was, in fact, used as an alias by the proscribed Macgregors, and that, owing to the intricacies of clan relationship and the confusion which so long reigned in Scotch patronymics, he might, perhaps, have some claim to all the surnames mentioned above.

But sober history begins, for the author's own family, but a few generations back, when his great-great-grandfather was a malster in Glasgow; and the "Records" are mainly devoted to the most famous man of his line, Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. The account of this hazardous undertaking, drawn almost wholly from his grandfather's voluminous diary, fills nearly 100 pages of small type. It is a story of protracted and determined battle between man and sea, and, certainly, tells rather of Norse than of Highland blood in the great engineer. Most likely there was a strain of both kinds in the family. But the most interesting chapter is that which describes Robert Stevenson's adventures as engineer to the Board of Northern Lights, with visits to the viking-descended wreckers of the Hebrides, who fence their kail-yards with mahogany and have claret to their porridge when the ill wind comes that blows them luck; and tales of the quarrelsomeness of lighthouse keepers, who, when they are Scotch or English, prefer to be alone, rather than put up with the peculiarities of a companion. There is a curious example of the difference between the practical, or dynamic, and the artistic mind in the

short account of Stevenson's father, who "would pass hours on the beach, brooding over the waves, counting them, noting their least deflection, noting when they broke." To him the river mouth was as "a chequer-board of lively forces." "That bank was being undercut," he might say: "Why? Suppose we were to put a groin out here, would not the *filum fluminis* be cast abruptly off across the channel? and where would it impinge upon the other shore? and what would be the result?" Meanwhile, to the future novelist, the scene was a beautiful and various spectacle. His interest was in present harmonies: his father's in work doing or to be done. "The Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," electrical engineer, opens with another bit of genealogy, tracing this apparently Saxon family back to a Welsh lordship; but the subject of it had a wider experience than Robert Stevenson. He had an eye for beauty and would enter in his note-book a description of the coral-laden cable which he was raising from the bottom of the Mediterranean.

It is a far cry from Glasgow to Vailima, shortened a little by Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Editorial Note." He had been Stevenson's critic in ordinary:—"It was my business to find fault; to 'damn' what I did not like; a duty which, as will be inferred from the following pages, I was accustomed to discharge somewhat unsparingly." He played, moreover, the part of agent, finding a market for much of Stevenson's work—perhaps not always so easy a task as one might suppose. Yet the Letters (Vol. XVII.), which were addressed to Mr. Colvin in Nov. 1890–Oct. 1894, contain wonderfully little about the author's works. There are numerous hints as to how fast he is getting along with one book or another—so many thousand words a week,—occasionally some note of satisfaction (or the opposite) with the quality of the work; but that is all. The reader who expects to be let behind the scenes and to see the author's brain in action will be disappointed. Perhaps something of this dearth is due to Mr. Colvin's editing. Stevenson, he assures us, belonged not less to the race of Montaigne and the literary egotists than to that of Scott and Dumas and the romancers. There is little of romance and less of egotism, amusing or other, in the "Vailima Letters" as they are printed, and one suspects that the editor's shears have been too active. "I have tried to do my best under the circumstances," he writes; "to suffer no feelings to be hurt that could be spared, and only to lift the veil of family life so far as under the conditions was unavoidable." This is as it should be; but has he not done more? The letters show Stevenson as an industrious amateur farmer and bushranger, pursuing strayed pigs and exploring ravines in the intervals of his more serious labors with the pen. They tell of phosphorescent lights from decayed wood in the dark shades of the forest; of intermitting streams, banyan trees, gorgeous cloud scenery; of Samoan heads at a feast, stuck full of purple or yellow flowers; of cooked shark, sleep leaves and acted hieroglyphs; but of Stevenson as a writer very little.

Because they were task-work and in some places showed it, neither the author himself, nor most of his admirers, has considered the South Sea letters (Vol. XIX.), which are now presented in book-form for the first time, worthy of him as a whole. They are, it will be remembered, an entirely different set from the "Vailima Letters," and were intended for publication by a syndicate. We believe they saw the light in full only in the *New York Sun*. As now reprinted, they have been docked of some of their less interesting parts, and also of some that might have been retained with advantage. The importance to science of the matter may well make up for any inequalities of style that remain. Stevenson, it need hardly be said, was by far the best writer that has visited these Pacific groups, and by training and temperament the best fitted to note and describe their fast-vanishing populations. No one, not even Hermann Melville, has done so much to set the poor cannibal right with his fellow-men. He has introduced to our notice two new and hitherto undescribed species of ghosts; the one solid, but decomposed,

which walks head downward along the under surface of the palm fronds, and, with long arms, plucks up the unwary passer-by; the other, a harmless phosphorescent phantom, which flies from ruin to ruin of the old high places, exhibiting its shining green head and crimson heart. He has solved the mystery of the *tapu*. He was adopted into heaven knows how many of the great island families, was for some time resident on an *atol*; and was chief friend and adviser of the last—and most remarkable—King of the Gilbert Islands, Tembinok, poet and architect, monopolist and polygamist. In his "Foot-Note to History" the intricacies of barbaric government, the fun and frolic of barbaric warfare, are described. There is nothing in the whole range of comic opera to compare with the situation of the German would-be dictator imprisoned in his fort by an old woman in ragged regimentals and armed with a mop, while the opposing Samoan armies were having their fun in the bush a few miles away. The final tragedy of the hurricane is unequalled as a bit of descriptive writing. The "Fables" could be better spared than some passages that have been cut out of "The South Seas," of which a separate edition has also been issued by the same publishers.

"The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo"

By Henry Ling Roth. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: Truslove & Combs.

THE GREAT ARCHIPELAGO between the Chinese world and Australia, and between the Pacific and Indian oceans, contains unique riches which have as yet but barely been touched by the white man. The Dutch have been the first and longest explorers, possessors and developers of this island world, but the English are every year increasing their hold and influence there. The Spanish empire is approaching its end, and the rebellion in the Philippines may be the signal for its passing away from this part of the earth. The young and ambitious empire of Japan, on the other hand, having acquired Formosa and engaged in a naval development, colonizing, commercial and war-like, that astonishes the world, will not limit itself to its present territory, but will probably, with every decade and generation, push farther southward. New Guinea and Borneo, two of the largest islands in the whole world, await possessors who will develop their resources. On the north edge of Borneo, the British have made some settlements, and a few Englishmen from time to time have tried to penetrate into the interior. Mr. Hugh Brooke Low, who died in England in 1887, was one of those who possessed a very intimate knowledge of the natives. He had for years recorded his observations of Borneo's fauna and of its human inhabitants, their folk-lore, customs, religion and habits. Mr. Roth's two volumes consist mainly of these notes, with further illustrations and annotations; and there is an inviting introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang.

Borneo, which contains 270,000 square miles, or the area of Germany and Poland together, is divided in ownership between the Dutch, the British and the Malays, though Chinese and mixed races are to be found along the coast. Mr. Roth writes of child-birth and children, the disposal of the dead, religion and feasts, daily life, agriculture, hunting and fishing, habitations, dress and tattooing, war, fashionable deformities and head-hunting, giving, of course, a great deal of space to the latter custom and its associated features of cruelty and excitement, its literature, music and methods of use and decoration. This custom obtains all through the Malay archipelago and Formosa. It was in vogue in Japan until within recent times, when the game of polo, with its many balls significant of the old rows of heads, was found to furnish an almost equal amount of excitement. There are over 200 pages of vocabulary in this book, a bibliography, ethnographical notes, maps, abundant illustrations and elaborate indexes. The publishers announce that no smaller or cheaper edition of the work will be issued.

"A Child-World"

By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.

THE "CHILD-WORLD" that Mr. Riley sings is unlike any that has yet been put into verse. The centre and hub of it is "A simple old frame house—eight rooms in all"

in a small but hopeful Indiana town. It was there before railroads "wuz ever drempt of," and had seen pass by the Conestoga wagons of the pioneers, and its timbers had shivered as it listened to tales of the dangers of the road, to yells of "painters" and howlings of wolves. In this "old home" he brings before us a company of children and the old folks who played with and told stories to them: Noey Bixler, Almon Keefer, the "Loehrs and the Hammonds" and an anonymous "Noted Traveler." They spin their yarns of bears and bewildering emotions in artless verse. Among the characters is Master Johnnty, one of nature's mimics, but hampered by a conscience which was

"jist too overly

Blame good fer common boys like us, you know."

Then there was his brother, Bud, with a rage for the superlative. Among the household harmonies which they enjoyed were the thump of churning, the "glung-glung" of the pump, the clang of kettle and bang of cook-stove door. Hunger gave its zest to the

"Breaths of hot, steaming, wholesome things that stew,
And blubber, and up-tilt the pot-lids, too."

Literature was enjoyed in quotations culled from the old type-foundry specimen book and yellow-covered tales of robbers' caves, detectives and "leagues of the Miami." Noey Bixler, "awkward, fat and overgrown," was skilled to shape toy-wagons, runner sleighs, and bows and arrows of seasoned mulberry-tree. Noey had a menagerie of pets—squirrel, owl and terrapin, and a pet 'coon kept in an inverted tub at the foot of an apple tree. Of course, there is a dog, no bigger than a rat, but twice as mean, that wears one ear inside out, and runs sidelong. As for the "Noted Traveler," he airs peculiar views on Negro slavery, and is summed up by one of his child audience as "the inscrutibalest man I ever see."

Mr. Riley's homely muse is never invoked in vain by this artfully-artless singer of simple yet universal themes.

"Master Ardlick, Buccaneer"

By F. H. Costello. (Appleton's Town and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co.

FROM THE English Channel to the Gulf of Panama is not a great distance, as modern distances go; but in the days of the Merry Monarch things were different for those who went down to the sea in ships, as Master Ardlick discovered, when but a few hours out from Portsmouth on board the *Industry*, whose master had shipped him as second mate. For a Dutch man-of-war gave chase, and the lucky escape of the merchantman was dearly bought with the death of her captain, as subsequent events but too clearly proved. A mutiny follows, the ship is scuttled, and Master Ardlick, the new captain and the supercargo, adrift on a raft, are picked up by a Spanish ship, and start in on a round of adventures and narrow escapes that ends in the Pacific Ocean, to the satisfaction of all concerned, including the reader. This is an exceedingly bald outline of a story that is filled with strife and danger from first to last, but we think that the reader will thank us for not divulging more of the plot. Suffice it to say that he will march with Morgan across the Isthmus and assist at the sack of Panama; that he will take a deep personal interest in Master Ardlick, and will feel that he has found a personal, lifelong friend in Mr. Tym, the supercargo—a splendid figure, happily conceived and most consistently and convincingly drawn.

Mr. Costello, who is a new writer, has a pretty talent for describing mêlées, of which there are plenty, for it is only by hard and constant fighting that Master Ardlick and his com-

panions come within measurable distance of home. The plot, moreover, is well constructed, events developing naturally and apparently without the directing hand of the author, whose style is just sufficiently tinged with Restoration English to give the desired impression of the period. In details of seventeenth-century sailor craft he is evidently well at home, and he handles a ship in such a manner as to make his manœuvres understandable to the landlubber. In these days of renewed interest in stories of adventure, "Master Ardick" should do well: it is a good book for a long winter evening at home.

"Not Without Honor"

The Story of an Odd Boy. By William D. Moffat. Illust. Philada.: Arnold & Co.

MR. MOFFAT'S name is well known to young readers, his sketches and stories in *The Argosy* having been received by them with unvarying favor; therefore such of them as have not yet heard of the publication of this long story from his pen will be glad to learn of it now. The assurance that he will interest them from first page to last need hardly be added. This "odd boy" is a boy of talent—not a genius, for he has to work hard for his success; he is happily not one of those wonders of juvenile fiction who sail a vessel, command an army or edit a newspaper at a moment's notice. An American boy, with a dreamy, poetic soul, an ear for rhythm and rhyme, and with the imagination of the storyteller, he has yet to learn that training is needed to develop his gifts. Therefore we are thankful to the author for causing his first dramatic criticism to be rejected, and his poems. He works on the *Herald*, but finds that he is a square peg in a round hole, tries to be a salesman in a book-store, fails again, but happily has a short story accepted by a new magazine. Man lives not by the writing of short stories alone, however, and so he takes thankfully the position of assistant to the editor of this new venture when it is offered to him.

And so, with his first play successfully produced, he starts life confidently. The author has dealt only with phases thereof with which he is thoroughly conversant—journalism, literature, the drama and the management of magazines. We regret that he did not add a gift for music to his hero's equipment, but suppose that he reserves that realm for successful invasion by another hero in another book.

"Sweetheart Travellers"

By S. R. Crockett. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THIS NEW WORK by the author of "The Stickit Minister" is as dainty a little bit of poetical fancy as one will find in many a month of books. Although the story is apparently for children, the interlinear comments are certainly for their fathers and mothers; there is a delicious combination of young talk and maturer "asides" that would pass over children's heads if the book were read aloud to them. The "Sweetheart Travellers" are a doting papa and his little daughter, who is delicious in spite of certain traits which remind one of Stockton's maxim for modern infants, "Children, train up your parents in the way they should go, and when you get to be a parent you will know how to go yourself." The little maid, having wound herself around her father's heart, proceeds to wind him around her thumb with a guileless dexterity that would put to shame the more conscious arts of her feminine elders. A paragraph will give the manner of the little lady's seductive tactics:—

"I like so much to come out with you," observes Sweetheart, with the instinct of her sex, 'because you never say "you mustn't!" at the nice places. Nor "you're going to get your feet wet" at the dear little pools.' As a matter of fact, I was on the point of making the latter remark at that moment. But in the face of such sweet flattery, how could the thing be done? I leave it to the reader who has been similarly situated."

On another occasion, the little damsel has been warned not to make faces:—"Sweetheart looked down at the ground, and I thought she was duly impressed. So I said more gently, 'You know what I should have to do, Sweetheart?' And I shook my head sadly, to indicate a chain of tragic, almost fatal consequences. 'Yes,' said Sweetheart sweetly, 'you would have to

laugh.'" But the climax of parental peccancy is reached when she persuades her staid papa to take off his shoes and stockings and go "paddling," too, a piece of infantile infamy which is followed up by a plot to keep the whole matter a secret from Sweetheart's mamma, who might reasonably object to such dangerous naughtiness. Throughout the book there are intimate little appreciations of nature, especially as she reveals herself to those who visit her on her "at home" days in the leafy precincts of woodland. One gets the impression that the author is *en rapport* with birds and buttercups, and has a secret system of telepathy between himself, the waving tree-tops and the clouds. But the affection existing between him and the children of the forest is never of the warm, pulsing kind that he manifests for the wee heroine of the story. Her he enfold in the warmest mantle of his love, and when his fatherly care has shielded her through the day, he steals to her bedside at night, to "hear a sound that is better for the heart than much preaching, the voice of a little child's prayers. 'Amen,' you say. So may it be. Even thus, little maid, may we one day at nightfall lay aside our sins and be—well, just like you."

"Old Colony Days"

By May Alden Ward. Roberts Bros.

THIS LITTLE BOOK of five chapters is very interesting. The author shows good taste and considerable skill in her selections and comments, and her wide reading enables her to cast many a pleasing side-light upon the first settlers of the eastern states. In "The Father of American History" she retells briefly the story of the Pilgrims and the experiences of William Bradford, mildly criticising Longfellow and others who have departed from the letter of Bradford's text. "The Early Autocrat of New England" was, of course, the parson; and this chapter takes us into the old meeting-house. So far from being democracies, the Puritan colonies in America were real aristocracies guided by the clergy, and not by the lawyers, who, in other colonies, New York, for example, were the chief moulders of opinion. "An Old-Time Magistrate" was Judge Sewall, who fortunately added to his magisterial capabilities the power of a delightful old gossip and diary-writer. The author exposes honestly, but not ruthlessly, "The Delusions of our Forefathers." Evidently she knows that the next century will laugh at the follies of this. In the final chapter she speaks of "A Group of Puritan Poets," excellently condensing her studies in this old-fashioned garden of the flowers of genius. Some of the blossoms, we must say, were more like thistle-blossoms than like roses. A wider knowledge of the early history of Pennsylvania would have prevented the author from stating (on page 162) that "to Sewall belongs the honor of publishing the first anti-slavery tract in America." Not only did the Christians at Germantown record, on 18 Feb. 1688, their public protest against slavery, but there was written in Penn's colony, before Sewall's time, a treatise against slavery and in favor of its abolition. An argument might be raised on the meaning of the word "tract," but we refrain, heartily commending this little book, which gives in small compass the results of labor in a wide and fruitful field. The work is indexed.

Tourgueneff's Novels

Virgin Soil. Trans. from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 2 vols. Macmillan Co.

"ANONYMOUS RUSSIA" is the theme of this last of the great series of the novels of Ivan Tourgueneff: Russia as it was in the seventies, when the Nihilist party was germinating from that rank soil of superstition and illiteracy produced by the emancipation of the serfs. Russia has never been more than semi-Europeanized since the time of Peter the Great. Say what we will, and sympathize as we may, there is a Tartar—almost a Chinese—in dolence and inertia in the Slav constitution, born of ages of apathy and, it may be, millenniums of barnacle-like adhesion to the soil where Slavs were reared; and this intellectual sloth has slowly formed a film over the Russian nature from Tsar to *moujik*, through which only at intervals the true daylight has penetrated. Mental myopia is the characteristic of the race; and from this state of semi-blindness and dazedness it periodically rushes, frantic as a bull goaded by unknown terrors, into it knows not what.

"Virgin Soil" most pathetically treats this nation gone blind, most artistically interprets its periodical madnesses through people like the Nezhdanov, Marianna, Solomin, Paklin; Markelov of this novel—types varied and dramatic, touching and repulsive, of the

huge mass of tongueless men and women, suffering, plotting, scheming they know not what, only for a change, and ready to die, instantly and bravely. Tourguéneff gathers a houseful or a neighborhood of such people, and sets them to talking, taunting each other, studying each other's real or imaginary grievances, spouting windy rhetoric or vainglorious imaginations, flirting or falling in love—always with the Red Terror or Siberia in the distance; and the result is "Smoke," "On the Eve," "Rudin," "A House of Gentlefolk," or "Fathers and Children"—paintings in wonderful pale-grey, like steel-engravings, distinct yet torturing in their indistinctness, interesting to the end. Marianna in "Virgin Soil" is an instance of the angry, impulsive, impatient gentlewoman of modern Russia, angry she knows not why, impelled by the misery about her to form strange connections and join harsh-sounding assertions, impatient of the immeasurable commonplace of her daily existence in the house of a pampered and perfumed aristocrat, and ready at a moment's notice to explode under the very nose of the Tsar. Before the book ends she loves—rather aimlessly, possessed by immeasurable *ennui*—two men who represent the boneless aristocracy and the sturdy *bourgeois* class seeking for the times of regeneration. Both these men are singularly futile, and come to nothing in the end, and there is the same lack of directness, objectivity, clear-cut delineation, that is so noticeable a feature in all of Tourguéneff's novels. He lacks passion, the "fine frenzy" of the true artist of brightest genius. One wonders what a Russian of his sort must think of such novels as "Jane Eyre," "Adam Bede," "Père Goriot" or "Doña Perfecta."

"Quotations for Occasions"

By Katharine B. Wood. The Century Co.

THIS MAY BE REGARDED as in some sense an offshoot of "The Century Dictionary," for it was while she was engaged in her quest for passages illustrating the use of words defined in that standard work, that the author gathered many of the quotations here marshalled together. Frank confession is made, at the outset, that "this little book is not put forth to supply an imperative demand, but rather with the hope of creating one." That this hope will be realized, we cannot doubt. There is no denying the compiler's statement that the custom of using appropriate quotations on dinner menus, cards, invitations, etc., is growing; and nothing could tend more directly to foster its growth than a handbook so well calculated to lighten the labors of the individual or committee charged with the preparation of bills-of-fare, programs, etc. To the makers of menus of public dinners, it should be a godsend—even if they should adopt neither of the amusing "Sample Menus" that follow the table-of-contents. Miss Wood has shown so much humor in the selection of punning texts, as well as literally applicable ones, that it has seemed to her expedient to warn the soberminded consulter of her book against being too sure that the author of any quotation had in mind the subject to which it is here applied. Nothing, for instance, could be less likely than that Shakespeare was thinking of a "Model 1896" when he wrote "The Tempest" and "Richard III.," yet here we find, amongst other citations under "Bicycle Meets,"

"Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety."

"Punched full of deadly holes."

"The Sprightly Romance of Marsac"

By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illus. by Gustave Verbeck. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SPRIGHTLINESS of this story is confined to its title; so is the romance. There is a labored vivacity about it that may please the very callow, and it would undoubtedly go with a rush upon the boards. Indeed, that is where it belongs, for it is neither more nor less than a "screaming" farce. The vulgarity that is so obvious and offensive on the printed page, and is "rubbed in" by the innumerable illustrations, would be less patent, perhaps, if action took the place of description. And the fitness of the piece for stage representation has prompted the publisher to print this caveat in connection with the copyright notice:—"Dramatic and all other rights reserved." It would seem from that that a play was to be made from the story; what is more likely is that the story has been recast from a play. As a matter of fact, no one could read the thing without feeling that in its original form it had split the ears of Parisian groundlings.

Two penniless French journalists, Marsac and Fontaine, goaded to desperation by their landlady's visits for arrears of rent, their laundress's clamorings for payment of her "tremendously long

bill" and their tailor's persistency in presenting a "bill about a yard long," seek to save themselves by promising (one of them) to marry the landlady, and next by circulating a report that the death of an uncle has enriched this same one to the extent of two million francs. The woman's first husband turns up undrowned, and the rich uncle also appears in the flesh, and in the end makes everything right for his nephew. But in the meantime, highly painted and bedizened ballet-dancers have been picked up off the street to have supper in the young men's attic, and when the laundress calls she is held by main strength while champagne is poured down her throat, in a fruitless attempt to "honeyfuggle" her; and a rich old brewer, who comes with his daughter to make a call, is upset by the laundress while peeping at her through a keyhole, the dancers meanwhile being packed away in a closet. And later on, when the landlady and Marsac are groping on the ground for the fragments of the marriage contract, the woman bumps into the man and upsets him. The whole story (or play) is thoroughly coarse in tone and texture, its wit is of the stalest and most obvious sort, and the only clue to its publication by a house of high standing is the fact recorded on a fly-leaf at the front:—"The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" obtained the first prize of \$3000 for the best novelette in the *New York Herald* competition of 1895." A minor point in its disfavor is the discredit its title does to the "Gentleman of France"—Gaston, Sieur de Marsac.

"Science Sketches" and "The Method of Darwin"

1. *Science Sketches*. By D. S. Jordan. 2. *The Method of Darwin*. By Frank Cramer. A. C. McClurg & Co.

WE KNOW so little about our fishes, whether fresh-water or inland ones, or those of the seacoast and the great deep beyond, that any book that offers us something concerning them is genuinely welcome. Of mammals and birds we know, or think we do, a great deal, but ignorance of fishes is confessed upon all sides. Dr. Jordan's work (1) is essentially a book about fishes and about naturalists who were fishermen in a scientific sense more than all else: Agassiz, Rafinesque, Poey. The other matter in the volume is not as attractive, the subjects being worn down to the bone and beyond; and the tariff discussion had far better have been omitted, as it is not a "science sketch." No one is better fitted than Dr. Jordan to tell us everything about minnows and the other unconsidered finny trifles, and this we wish he would continue to do. It is not to the credit of American zoölogy that little advance in this direction has been made in the last fifty years. That these sketches have reached a second edition is evidence of their popularity; and let us hope that in a third we shall have more fish stories of the proper sort.

Just such a volume as Mr. Cramer's (2) is excellent to place in the hands of a young reader previous to undertaking a purposeful perusal of the works of the great evolutionist. It admirably paves the way for such a course of study; but this object would have been attained more surely had the author kept in mind the age of his readers and not written over their heads. He uses too many polysyllables and leaves them undefined; and the path to knowledge must be made smooth, or the average youth will turn from it. As a rule, ignorance is preferred to knowledge that comes at a great cost of effort. Strange as it may seem, even evolution needs to be sugar-coated, at first. If it is, an insatiable appetite is very soon acquired.

"Limitations"

By E. F. Benson. Harper & Bros.

A CAREFUL CONSIDERATION of Mr. Benson's latest book leads to a summing-up suggested by its title. The conclusion indicated, so far as this story may be taken in evidence, is that his own field of success is limited, and that the result, when he steps outside of it, is not altogether a happy one. "There is nothing so terrible," says one of his characters, "as taking things seriously"; and when Mr. Benson, as he does not infrequently in this book, begins to take things seriously, we are inclined to agree with him. When he "views the manners of the town," and touches up-to-date social foibles very lightly and with a refreshing sense of absurdity, he is a charming enough companion for an idle hour. We smile frequently, sometimes even aloud, over this book as over his others; but when, as here, he indulges in reflections on the end of man, when he takes us to the bedside of dying cottagers, cheered by the ministrations of the clergyman's daughters (who, oddly enough, seem to supersede the clergyman), then we are a little bored and a little inclined to think he has stepped outside of his limits. The story opens with a bit of

Cambridge life, possibly an overflow from "The Babe." The hero, electing sculpture as his line in life, goes out to Athens, and is impressed in a most unlimited way by Greek art, after which he decides to pattern his own, in spite of the remonstrances of the aggressively modern brother-artist from whom we quoted just now. At the same time he goes near to marrying the sister of an *attaché* of the English Legation there, but after escorting her back to England, in spite of the very limited protests of her brother, decides to marry the clergyman's daughter aforesaid. Then his father loses all his money, as fathers have been known to do before, and they have a pretty hard time of it, including a row over a "breezy" model and several other serious things; while the limitations compel the abandonment of Greek ideals and the production of pot-boilers. The book is quite readable, for Mr. Benson is not usually heavy for many pages together, and a judicious person (not being a reviewer) can always skip; but as a whole, one is forced to say that it is by no means a masterpiece. The sisters, by the way, of the American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Athens, who bear the name of Vanderbilt—not, one would fancy, unknown to English people—are done in a particularly unsuccessful vein of caricature; though we hasten to observe that our unfavorable remarks on the book are not inspired wholly by wounded national pride. Mr. Benson can do better, and we hope he will next time.

The "Eversley" Wordsworth

VOLS. V., VI. and VII. of the "Eversley" edition of Wordsworth maintain the high standard of the earlier issues. The illustrative matter in the way of introductions and notes is considerably fuller, and the various readings are given with greater accuracy. These changes made and unmade by the poet in successive editions are a curious study. A single line sometimes appears in three or four forms; as in this from "The Excursion," on p. 212 of Vol. IV., which passed through the following successive transformations:—

- "Foretelling total Winter, blank and cold."
- "Foretelling aged Winter's dreary sway."
- "Prelude to coming Winter's desolate sway."
- "Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway."

The changes are often more trivial; as, for instance (p. 258, Vol. IV.):—"for if it fail"; "for if that fail"; "for if those fail"; and (p. 263):—"and now in eddies chained"; "now in strong eddies chained," etc. The typography of this edition is remarkably clear, even in the fine type of the notes. It is in all respects an ideal edition. The illustrations, as we have said in former notices, are a striking feature. So many portraits of the poet are in existence that a different one has been engraved for each volume. That in Vol. VII. is of peculiar interest as being after the portrait by B. R. Haydon, who was a friend of Wordsworth's, to whom he addressed several poems, including the fine sonnet beginning:—

"High is our calling, friend! Creative art—
Whether the instrument of words she use
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues—
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned," etc.

The vignette on the title-page of this same Vol. VII. is a view of Dove Cottage at Grasmere, where Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived from 1799 to 1808. It was the residence of De Quincey for twenty years afterwards. It was bought by public subscription in 1890 as a monument to the poet's memory. (Macmillan Co.)

Fiction

WE HAVE NOT been very much entertained by the collection of short stories included under the title of "A Hypocritical Romance," by Caroline Ticknor. They revolve, as a rule, each around one central idea, such as the mischief a man may do in his own house when he undertakes to "fix it up," or the doubtful delights of a furnished cottage by the sea, and the idea is carried out with a bald literalness which makes a very little of it go a long way. Besides the limited imagination displayed, there is a certain note running through them which is hard to characterize, though easy to feel. Those who have the perception of it will know what we mean from one sentence:—"All social gatherings at the Marylands' were well attended, and young and old esteemed it a privilege to spend an evening beneath their hospitable roof-tree." This is enough; though we cannot refrain from quoting

the solution of a problem which arose under the roof-tree in question:—"He now deliberately helped Miss Marlowe to ice cream, a process rendered quite simple by the fact that all the others were intent upon getting salad and oysters. Then he tried to remember which she preferred, a spoon or a fork. He thought she preferred a spoon, but Miss Maryland was sitting beside her, and she would probably consider it more elegant to bring a fork, so he took both." In spite of the qualities mentioned, however, several of the stories have found a place in the magazines, so that they must be agreeable to some people. (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.)

"IN QUEST OF THE IDEAL," by Léon de Tinseau, deals largely with the right relations between the rich and the poor. One of its characters, the rich La Houssaye, avoids exasperating the hungry poor by living like an anchorite, while providing Lucullan feasts for his friends; and the good Abbé enters the hovels of misery, crucifix in hand, to say:—"Behold, I am colder and hungrier and poorer than you—and I was rich." The principal character of the story—a Marquis—is the kind of man "women like," after the pattern made popular by Mrs. Burnett and the Duchess—not forgetting immense physical strength. He is the friend, philosopher and guide of the story—the *raisonneur* of Dumas's plays,—serious and satirical, with a dash of cynicism. Cupid brings about strange complications, making a young girl fall in love with this old favorite of two generations of women. He plays the paternal rôle, however, with sublime self-denial, and even does more than is necessary to bring the girl to her senses; for, after all, time will solace a girl of twenty easily enough for the loss of a man of fifty, without Herculean effort on his part. Antoinette, however, declines to walk in the path prepared for her by her father, and attacks the miseries of her fellow-men in a manner reminiscent of Mrs. Ward's Marcella; but, unlike the latter, she distrusts the bridal veil as a universal panacea, and takes that of the nun—a very un-American solution of the life equation. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

DESPITE ITS somewhat banal title, Sir Robert Peel's "An Engagement" has a quaint and original plot. It will be very good reading for some idle hour, if one hasn't any thoughts of his own—or any scheme for suspending thought—that he wishes to develop, instead of filling his head with other men's fancies. (F. A. Stokes Co.)—A HANDSOME new edition of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," with illustrations by Chris Hammond, and one of Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," illustrated by Lancelot Speed, have recently been published, and deserve the attention of book-buyers. The paper, print and illustrations are good, and the binding is simple and tasteful. (Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IN THE NEW edition of Captain Marryat's works the always amusing "Japhet in Search of a Father" is reprinted from the original edition with merely the addition, in one case, of a few words from the second, to make sense. "The Pasha of Many Tales," that rare combination of Jack Tar and the Arabian Nights, appears as in the second edition, that of 1844. For the latter volume, Mr. D. Murray Smith has provided three pretty etchings. Those of Mr. C. O. Murray are less effective. The volumes are clearly printed on toned paper. (Little, Brown & Co.)

A NEW EDITION of J. M. Barrie's "Window in Thrums," printed from new plates, contains some seventy reproductions of photographs of Kirriemuir, by Mr. Clifton Johnson, well known for his illustrations by photography of White's "Selborne" and the works of John Burroughs. The choice of subjects in this volume demonstrates once more Mr. Johnson's particular gift for doing this kind of illustrating: he has discovered the picturesque in the village and its life, and reproduced it for us. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—ORMSBY'S TRANSLATION of "Don Quixote," with its racy preface, life of Cervantes and introduction, its apparatus of notes and appendices, is certainly worth reprinting, and, as now issued, makes two well-printed and handsomely bound volumes. The publishers have added a photogravure portrait of Cervantes, after Pacheco, and half-tone reproductions of the well-known etchings by Lalauze. These reproductions are about as well done as the process admits, but all the charm and much of the effect of the etchings have vanished. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—IN AN EDITION of Mr. Henri van Laun's translation of "Gil Blas," the illustrations, again after Lalauze's etchings, are in photogravure, and represent the originals much better, although not very well. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE *Ladies' Home Journal's* series of "Great Personal Events," described by eyewitnesses, and illustrated with pictures made from old illustrative material, is begun in the November number with ex-Mayor A. Oakley Hall's account of "When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden." In the December number Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will tell of the time "When Henry Ward Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit"; and successive subjects and their writers will be:—"When the Prince of Wales Was in America," by Stephen Fiske; "When Louis Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," by Parke Godwin; "When Grant Went Around the World," by the Hon. John Russell Young. "When Henry Clay Said Farewell to the Senate" will follow; Lincoln will occupy two papers in the series—"When Lincoln was First Inaugurated" and "When Lincoln was Buried." The story of John W. Mackay's discovery of gold will be narrated in "When Mackay Struck the Great Bonanza." The series will extend throughout the year 1897.

Mr. Cable's *Symposium* makes an attractive beginning. It is well printed, and has a long list of authors in its table-of-contents, among whom is the editor himself. The rather striking cover appears to be designed by Mr. Bradley; but powerful glasses and an electric light fail to make the signature decipherable.

The November *Book Buyer* has a review of Mr. Kipling's new volume of poems, "The Seven Seas," by Mr. E. C. Stedman. A photograph of Mr. Kipling's Vermont home, printed on etching paper, forms the frontispiece. There is a personal sketch of Mr. Kipling by Mr. John D. Adams, illustrated with two portraits of the author of "Plain Tales"—one showing him at the age of twenty, the other at the present day. There is little difference in the two faces, except that in one the moustache is heavier, and there is a different arrangement of the hair. The magazine has a new cover and is printed from new and larger type.

No. 2 of *Ex Libris*, the quarterly journal of the Washington Ex-Libris Society, contains Mr. French's book-plate of the Edward Tompkins McLaughlin Memorial at Yale, and several newly discovered American book-plates, including those of Moses Lippitt, the Chevalier Tousard, Gabriel Duval and James McBride. Each is accompanied by some pages of biographical and historical notes. *Ex Libris* presents a very neat appearance in its cover of grey and red, and the printing of the plates is highly creditable.

Margaret Sidney (Mrs. Daniel Lothrop) has been secured by *The Interior* of Chicago to write a series of eight articles on the "Homes and Haunts of American Authors." The articles will be finely illustrated.

One of the serial stories which *St. Nicholas* will publish during the coming year has a decidedly unique plot. It is a tale of three Union soldiers, members of a signal corps, who get news that the entire Union army has surrendered, whereupon they decide to hold out to the end. They cut a bridge across a gorge and become soldier-Crusoes, exiled from civilization, and for many months believe themselves to be the only loyal Union soldiers who have not been obliged to surrender. The author, William H. Shelton, is a soldier and an artist as well as a writer.

The November *Looker-On*, like its predecessors, is largely devoted to musical topics. Mr. John Denison Champlin makes "A Plea for the American Musician," which is, also, a hopeful prediction of great things to come. Pointing to our progress in literature, science and pictorial art, Mr. Champlin explains that our lack of progress in music is not due to the fact that the American musician is incapable of the highest musical expression (as the Anglo-Saxon race has been said to be), but to the absence of all opportunities to foster his development. We must have great musical conservatories, he concludes, and orchestras and opera-houses subsidized by state or municipality, as is the case in all civilized countries except our own, where the native composer will be welcomed and allowed to try his wings beside the foreign masters whom alone we are allowed to hear and admire in our opera-houses and at our concerts. The price of the magazine has been reduced to ten cents per number, one dollar per year.

In "Campaigning with Grant" in the *Christmas Century*, Gen. Horace Porter will deal with the General's demeanor during the battle of the Wilderness. Even during the most critical moments, he manifested no anxiety, but was visibly affected by the sight of blood. During the second day of the battle, Grant smoked about twenty strong cigars—his highest record in the use of tobacco.

Mr. James Breck Perkins, the author of "France Under Richelieu and Mazarin" and "France Under the Regency," has been engaged to write an editorial department for the *Home Magazine* of Binghamton, N. Y.

The noteworthy articles in the current "magazine number" of *The Outlook* are "Princeton's 150th Anniversary," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, the poet of the recent celebration; "The Junior Republic at Freeville," by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who bears witness to the success of Mr. W. R. George's novel experiment in education and reform; "William Morris: A Poet's Workshops," by R. F. Zueblin; an account of Sir George Williams, "The Founder of the Y. M. C. A.," by Lord Kinnaid; and a paper on the architectural possibilities of a small rural church by the well-known architect, Mr. J. Cleveland Cady. All of these papers are profusely illustrated.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Additions to the "Temple" Edition.—Four volumes have been added to this neat and very popular edition—"Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and "Pericles"—completing the series of thirty-seven plays. The Poems and Sonnets are to follow, probably making three volumes more. In the introduction to the "Macbeth," the editor wisely rejects the theory of certain critics that Middleton had a share in the authorship of the play. He is inclined to agree with Mr. A. H. Bullen, "the most competent of Middleton's editors," that there are "strong reasons for assigning 'The Witch' to a later date than 'Macbeth.'" Mr. Gollancz also believes, with Prof. Hales and other good critics, that the Porter's speeches, which certain other excellent critics have regarded as interpolations, are "thoroughly Shakespearian in conception." He likewise does well in considering the Vision in v. 4 of "Cymbeline" as probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; but he indulges in an unbecoming sneer at the commentators who think the concluding couplets in the dirge (iv. 2) markedly inferior to the rest of the lyric. To me it is amazing that anybody can read the stanzas carefully and not see that they are complete and exquisite without these final couplets, which are as poor as they are superfluous. Perhaps the worst of them is the one which Mr. Gollancz quotes, apparently as settling the question against the doubters:—

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

The forced conceit in the allusion to chimney-sweepers is of the vilest Elizabethan type. "Pericles" is regarded as Shakespeare's only in part, the first two acts and the prose scenes of act iv. being assigned to Wilkins, or to him and Rowley. All recent critics are pretty well agreed on these points.

Since the above was in type the two volumes of the Poems have been received. One contains the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Passionate Pilgrim," in which, as the editor follows the "Globe" text, he gives XIV. and XV. as separate poems, though it has been proved beyond question that they are parts of a single poem, supposed to be two because printed on two pages of the original text of 1599. Mr. Gollancz adopts this view in a footnote to his introduction. The other volume contains the "Lucrece," "A Lover's Complaint," and "The Phoenix and Turtle." The frontispiece is of more than usual interest, being a photograph of the bust of Shakespeare on the monument to Heminge and Condell recently set up in the Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, London. (Macmillan Co.)

A Sonnet on Shakespeare's Women.—Mr. Robert Loveman, of Dalton, Ga., sends me the following sonnet in advance of its publication in a volume of his poems soon to be brought out by the Lippincotts:—

"Sweet are the names of Shakspeare's women; they
Like music melt upon the heart and ear;
First *Jessie* comes, then *Beatrice* draws near,
Perdita pure, and *Lucrece* chaste as day;
Dear *Desdemona*, she who loved the Moor;
There, poor *Ophelia*, and *Cordelia* here
Whose voice was ever soft and low to *Leor*;
Rare *Rosalind*, the fair who reigned o'er
Orlando's soul in Arden; *Portia* wise,
And *Jessica*, who with an untrifling love
Ran far as Belmont; look your last now, eyes,
On maid *Miranda*, gentle as a dove.
These names and women out of Shakspeare's art
Like sweetest music sway the human heart."

Portraits of Shakespeare.—A correspondent in New York sends me the following query:—

"I want to ask you whether there is any authority for the charming 'Shakespeare the Boy' portrait in your most interesting volume, and also which of the adult portraits is considered the most authentic. This volume seems more strongly to emphasize the incredibly small amount of contemporary records of our great poet. I'm not, however, willing to join the Baconian tribe, but prefer to remain a loyal subject to an ideal, at least."

The portrait in "Shakespeare the Boy" is purely imaginary. It was reduced from a large engraving in the possession of the Harpers, the history of which I do not know. Of the adult portraits the only ones that can be said to have any authority are the Droeshout engraving on the title-page of the Folio of 1623 and the bust on the monument in Stratford Church. Both are poor as works of art, but the former is eulogized by Ben Jonson in the verses on the opposite page, and the latter, according to the late W. W. Story and other competent judges, was probably copied from a death-mask.

As to the "incredibly small amount" of contemporary testimony concerning Shakespeare's life I shall have something to say in another note.

A Card from Mr. Stockton

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I will be obliged to you if you will allow me to state to the reading public, through your columns, that a book entitled "Captain Chap; or, The Rolling Stones," recently issued by J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia, was published without my knowledge, consent or coöperation. This story was printed fourteen years ago in *Golden Days*, a child's paper of Philadelphia, and was sold to that paper for serial publication and as a sequel to another serial story previously published in the same paper. It was not sold for book publication. This story is now published as a book, with my name upon the title-page and with the date 1897, as if it were a new work. I received no notice of the intended publication of "Captain Chap," and was not even allowed the opportunity of reading the proof and of preparing the story for book-form. Its appearance simultaneously with "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, interferes with my interests, and it would so interfere even if it had been a story recently written and properly prepared for publication; but if I had desired at this time to publish a book for boys, it would not have been a work written so long ago, and it would not have borne a title so similar to that of my recent novel, "Captain Horn." Apart from the question of the rights of an author in his own writings, whether at common law or under copyright, and apart from the question arising from the special circumstances of this case, which I do not wish to discuss in this notice, I earnestly protest against the publication of this book. It was not written for a book; it was not sold as a book, and it is injurious to my reputation and my interests for it now to appear as a book. FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CONVENT STATION, N. J., 5 Nov. 1896.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte's Library

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A press-cutting from your issue of Oct. 10, came to my hand this morning. As I am mentioned in the paragraph perhaps you will allow me a few lines to correct a few errors you have inadvertently fallen into. The library to which reference is made did not belong to Prince Lucien Murat, but to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The attack in *Truth* came from a Paris correspondent of that paper, not from Mr. Labouche; it was not so much directed against the Library as against the reputation of the late Prince. I was asked by the Prince's widow to write to the Editor of *Truth*, pointing out that his Paris correspondent had been misled into certain errors, and inviting him to send a representative to the Bonaparte Library—at the address given below,—to make his own observations, both as regards the Library and the Prince's work, and, if satisfied, to correct the false impression created by the offensive article. This letter, far from occupying, as you allege, four pages of foolscap, was written on two sides and a half of ordinary note-paper. Mr. Horace Voules replied that I had better put my criticisms on paper, and he would send them to his Paris correspondent. Thereupon I wrote the criticisms which ran to four pages of foolscap.

The Paris correspondent answered by a second article which was nearly as venomous as the first, and contained deliberate misstatements and smart perversions of what I really had said, in order

to serve his or her argument. On August 21 I wrote to *Truth*, pointing out the misstatements and perversions, quoting in proof thereof paragraphs from my previous letters which were then actually in *Truth's* possession. I ended this letter as follows:—"I beg you will favor me by publishing this letter, that your readers may see that *Truth* has received every opportunity of getting at the true facts, if disposed to avail itself of them." On August 24 Mr. Horace Voules replied that he did not think it necessary for *Truth* to deal further with the matter. Not a line I had written in defence of the Prince, at his widow's request, appeared in *Truth*, and the Paris correspondent had his or her—I am told that it is a woman—full freedom to fling all the mud available at a dead man's memory. This is scarcely the fair play to be expected from a journal with the reputation for outspoken honesty possessed by *Truth*.

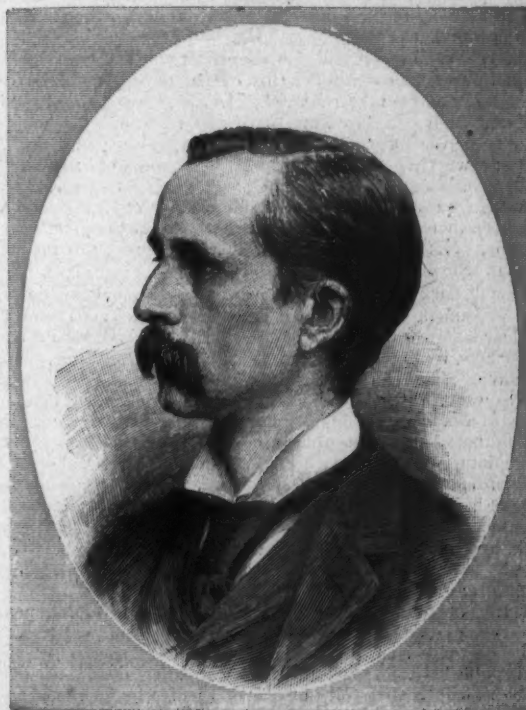
VICTOR COLLINS.

118, WESTBOURNE GROVE, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.,
21 Oct. 1896.

Mr. Barrie at the Aldine

"WHAT things have we seen
Done at the"—Aldine!

THE ALDINE has had many a gala night in the comparatively few years that have lapsed since it began its march to Fifth Avenue by way of Lafayette Place; but none has been more memorable than the dinner on Nov. 5—"tendered," as the newspapers say,



Charles Scribner's Sons

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

to Mr. James Matthew Barrie and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. The Club had other guests that night, and eminent ones; but these were the two whom it chiefly meant to honor.

As usual, Mr. Alexander W. Drake took charge of the important matter of decorations, and the unique adornment of the tables was a reproduction of the "Cottage at the Head of the Brae" one of whose glazed openings is the "Window in Thrums." With pasteboard, shears and paint-brush, to say nothing of intelligence and taste, Mr. Drake's elder daughter, a student of art, had made a miniature cottage in exact imitation of the photograph in the illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's first and most famous book. With its setting of green turf and rickety paling fence, the whole thing did not occupy more than twelve by four-and-twenty inches on the table-cover; yet in the photograph of it, taken at Tiffany's (Mr. Kunz having borrowed it for the purpose), there is nothing to indicate that it is not a habitable dwelling. After the dinner,

the little cottage was sent to the Holland House, for Mrs. Barrie; and now, when the builder admits a friend to a peep at her treasures, first among them is found a copy of the illustrated "Window in Thrums," with a tenderly appreciative inscription on a fly-leaf.

But to return to the Aldine: Another decoration of the dinner-table was "Jamie's box," in little; and then there were miniature spinning-wheels, Kirriemuir ("Thrums") being a weaving community; thistles, and six flower-pots containing heather; a bunch of rowan-berries sent by Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hallock, of Newton, N. J.; beautiful candelabra and other bits of brass and copper from Mr. Drake's private collection; and a "practicable" spinning-wheel at the wall behind Mr. Barrie's chair. And, most beautiful of all, a globe of gold-fishes towering above the little cottage in front of him.

Hosts and guests ascended from the basement two by two; and no sooner had they found their places than the official piper of the St. Andrew's Society made his way around the tables in the three rooms, playing what a reporter has since described as "plaid airs." This performance was repeated twice or thrice in the course of the meal, and is supposed to have aided greatly in the digestion of the haggis, which displaced the roast on the bill-of-fare. The bagpipe is perhaps better adapted to the acoustics of a Highland glen, with the welkin for roof, and Ben Nevis for a sounding-board, than to those of the ordinary dining-room, where it is louder than the player's tartan; but a haggis without a pillock were a grosser anomaly than roast lamb without mint-sauce. So the company endured the wild music with good grace—only the gold-fish having the bad manners to stare agape at the circumambulating piper.

Mr. H. W. Mabie presided—which is the briefest way of saying that everything went off well. When the piper ceased from piping and the diners were at rest, he called the meeting to order, as it were, and introduced Mr. Barrie as felicitously as could be wished. "We have all been in Thrums, gentlemen," said Mr. Mabie; "we have all been in the little school-house there and in the little meeting house; we have all heard the literary club there debate the question as to whether literature is really immoral; we have been there in the summer days, too, and at the great siege of Thrums. Nothing now remains, therefore, except to introduce the man who created Thrums."

A small, dark and delicate-looking man, with shadowy, deep-set eyes, prominent forehead, small black mustache, and black hair that leaves the brow exposed, rose slowly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and said he wished he were under the table, instead of standing beside it. (In the last century he would probably have had his wish; but sauterne, claret and champagne are drunk to-day with a moderation unknown to the convivialities of our great-grandfathers.) He felt greatly honored; for this was the first public dinner that had ever been given to him. He went on to say how cordially he had been received here, and how much had been made of him—especially by the reporters. These had been greatly impressed, it seemed, by his mustache. To one of them it was black, and to another blond; to a third it appeared to be "finely waxed," and in the sight of yet another it was "a magnificent military mustache."

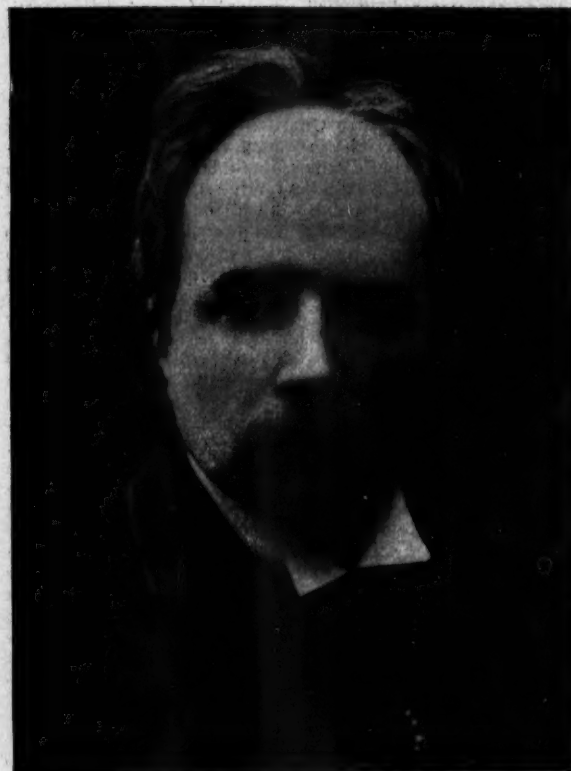
Next to his mustache, his views on the silver question appeared to be the object of keenest solicitude on the part of the press. He denied any experience of gold and silver, and referred all inquirers to his publishers. Then they wanted to know the names of the books he had written—all but one of them, who happened to be familiar with the works themselves. It had given this reporter much pleasure to meet the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; when a smile had told him something was wrong, he had expressed equal delight in shaking the hand that had written "The Stickit Minister." A second smile had caused him to say that what he really had in mind was "Silly Tommy," in *The Century Magazine*.

Mr. Barrie had been forced to relinquish many preconceived impressions of America; very vivid and enduring ones had taken their place. Of all our institutions nothing had affected him more powerfully than our seats of learning; and amongst these, Smith College, with its nine hundred girls, had impressed him most pleasantly. And the one girl of these nine hundred who had made the most agreeable impression upon him, was—but, no! Just as every head bent forward and every ear was strained, just as the gold-fishes back-pedalled to the side of the globe nearest the speaker, and bent their tails against the glass, breathless to catch the fair one's name,—Mr. Barrie closed his lips with Websterian firmness, biting off the name just in front of the initial letter, so that no one will ever know whether he loves his Smith College love with an A, or a B, an S or a W. No one, that is, but the fair

collegian herself; for his opinion of "the American Girl," which the reporters sought from him in vain, he has confided, he declared, to the American girl alone.

"What impresses me especially about this gathering," said Mr. Barrie, "is to see so many publishers and authors gather here, all quite friendly. Times have changed since a certain author was executed for murdering his publisher. They say that when the author was on the scaffold he said goodbye to the minister and to the reporters, and then he saw some publishers sitting in the front row, below, and to them he did not say goodbye. He said instead: 'I'll see you later.' I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for this kindness, and I assure you that I shall never forget it as long as I live."

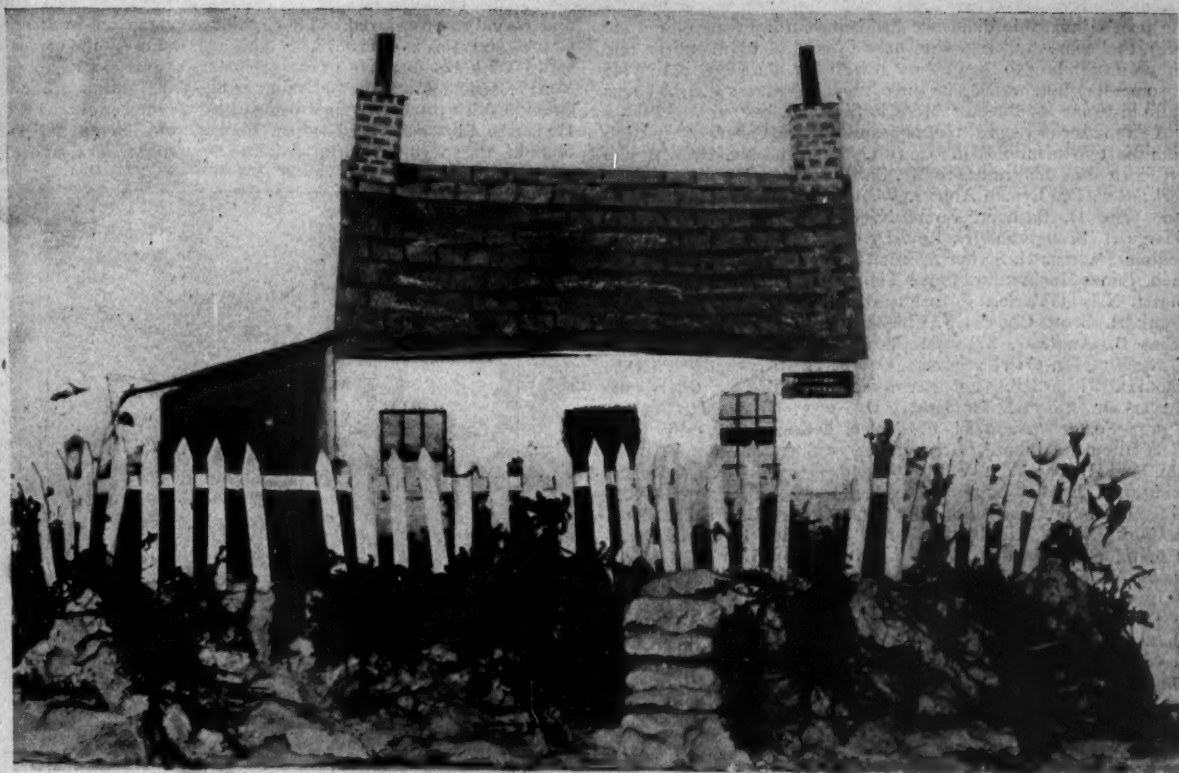
Mr. Mabie then introduced the Club's other guest, Dr. Nicoll, a Scottish clergyman long since settled in London, where he edits *The Bookman*, *The Expositor* and *The British Weekly* and contributes to other periodicals, besides acting as adviser to a publishing-house. Dr. Nicoll has a keen eye for literary merit that has



Dodd, Mead & Co.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

not yet won the approval of the world; and his special interest in Scottish literature has led to his discovering a number of authors who have since become famous—to name but two, Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. He is thus what may be called a creative critic—one who has helped to add to the world's supply of good literature by calling out obscure talent. In speaking at the Aldine, he referred in words of praise to *The Athenaeum* (without naming the paper), but said that in its long career it had never brought to light a single writer of renown. Incidentally he remarked that he had discovered, some time ago, a three volume novel, published anonymously by an author afterwards famous, which had attracted little or no attention, though in merit it should rank with his best works; this he means some day to republish. Dr. Nicoll deplored the fact that whereas fiction and journalism, a generation or two since, were the least regarded forms of literature, they had now so come to the front as to displace almost all other forms—poetry, criticism, history, etc. It was a thousand pities that the day of great historians had apparently passed. In closing, Dr. Nicoll testified to the hearty good will towards America that prevails to-day in England. When he had resumed his seat, Mr. Mabie remarked that some one had asked why the



THE COTTAGE IN THRUMS

speaker had made a distinction between journalism and fiction; whereupon Dr. Nicoll stated that he had drawn no hard and fast line!

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was next called upon to speak. He has had an eye on Mr. Barrie for a somewhat longer time than most of us, it seems; for the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, the distinguished critic and Coleridgean, had called his attention to some striking sketches in north-country papers long before their author had come into his own. Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, President of the St. Andrew's Society, spoke briefly but gracefully, eulogizing the guest of the evening and expressing his regret that he could not be present at the annual dinner of the Society on St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30), when Ian Maclaren is to be its guest.

Mr. W. D. Howells said that he had reached an age when one waits for new reputations to blow over. Finding, however, that Mr. Barrie would not "blow over," and falling in with the "Window" and "Auld Licht Idylls" on a railway-journey, he had readily realized why his reputation was not likely to prove ephemeral. While he had admired and enjoyed what Dr. Nicoll said, this did not prevent his disagreeing with him. The reason why there was a dearth of great history to day was to be sought partly in the fact that to give one's time to monumental works, such as Gibbon's, Prescott's, Motley's and Parkman's, one needed to be independent of pecuniary considerations, as were the four authors named. But there was nothing to prevent one's writing poetry, if one had paper, pens and ink, and the want of other occupation. As it happened, he believed there was to be a revival in poetry, and the new volumes just published by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Riley confirmed him in this cheerful view.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell talked confidentially to his fellow fictionists, stating, without contradiction, his assumption that everybody present had written at least one novel. He said that in France and Germany, this year, he had listened to speeches in the Assembly and the Reichstag, which if they had been made in Parliament would almost have provoked a declaration of war by the United States; as it was, no echo of them was ever heard in America. It might almost be considered a calamitous misfortune that Americans and Englishmen spoke the same tongue—a misfortune, however, not without its compensations.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page spoke of the indebtedness of American novelists to those of Scotland, saying that he himself would not have been a writer of fiction had he not come, early in life, upon the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Among other anecdotes,

he narrated his experience with a bookseller, whom he was questioning as to the sale of certain books issued by "Mr. Barrie's publisher" (who happens to be his own), and who assured him that of his (Mr. Page's) books, the best was "Col. Carter of Cartersville"—a judgment that seemed to him perfectly just.

Mr. George W. Cable thought our chief debt to writers whose books were identified with special, and especially with out-of-the-way places, was this, that they taught us to love and regard as brethren people to whom otherwise we should feel ourselves to be only distant cousins. Yet even so, in Barrie's books, the author himself is more familiar to us than the characters. Mr. and Mrs. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll had recently paid Mr. Cable a visit at Northampton, and he would never forget the delight he had felt in seeing the creator of "Sentimental Tommy" climbing a rope in the gymnasium at Smith College, in the midst of a crowd of girls.

Mr. John Reid of Yonkers, President of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, was introduced as "the Father of Golf in America." He made a little speech that did credit to himself and his country (which is Mr. Barrie's, also). And then the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke had a word to say in reply to those who attribute the success of the Scottish school of fiction to the inherent interest of their themes. It is workmanship that tells the most potently, he said, and Mr. Barrie succeeded because he was an artist. "We could not love him more dearly, nor more greatly admire his books," said he, turning to the Chairman, "if our names were Sandy Mabbie and Tammas MacDyke."

This was the last speech of the evening. The menu was a four-page affair, with a portrait of Mr. Barrie on India-paper on its face, the bill-of-fare at the back, and two blank pages for autographs between. It had circulated freely around the tables throughout the evening, and now Mr. Barrie laid aside the bulldog pipe (presumably filled with "Arcadia Mixture") which he had been pensively pulling at ever since the cigar had been consumed that came with the coffee, and set himself to writing "Yours truly, J. M. Barrie" beneath the portrait. Seeing him diligently scribbling, I asked him if he had ever learned to dictate to a stenographer. He had not, he said, but had once tried to write some letters that way, and had found it much slower than hand work.

When the autograph-collectors had been satisfied (they had obtained the name of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, among others, but

the poet's invincible diffidence had kept him from standing up to talk), the company broke up, only a handful of members and guests descending to the grill-room with Mr. Barrie, to take a sip of something hot, which, like the cottage in Thrums and the books of its historian, had been "Made in Scotland."

As a matter of record, the names of other members of the Club than the two mentioned above (Mr. Mabie and Mr. Drake), who participated in this tribute to Mr. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll, are given here: Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, W. W. Appleton, E. D. Appleton, Wm. D. Barbour, Frank N. Doubleday, W. F. Clarke, George H. Broughton, Jr., Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Jackson, Charles Scribner, Arthur H. Scribner, Frank H. Dodd, Bleecker Van Wageningen, James Mac Arthur, James Thorne Harper, Richard Watson Gilder, Nelson Taylor, Cornelius B. Gold, Francis W. Halsey, Frank H. Scott, Charles F. Chichester, W. W. Ellsworth, Cornelius B. Andrews, S. S. McClure, F. A. Munsey, Dr. George T. Stevens, Dr. Charles Stevens, George H. Richmond, Henry T. Thomas, Richard S. Thomas, Marshall H. Mallory, Charles L. Patton, Dr. Albert Shaw, Ernest D. North, Gilman H. Tucker, George Foster Peabody, J. F. Tapley, J. Edgar Leaycraft, Wm. F. Whittemore, John A. Greene, George Batten, Elbert F. Baldwin, Paul R. Reynolds, W. B. Howland, George S. Allan, Robert Bridges, F. E. Walbridge, J. Cleveland Cady, Rev. Francis Goodwin, H. D. Newson, A. B. Hitchcock, George L. Fielder, Thos. F. Clarke, H. W. Hubbard, Charles D. Lanier, Henry O. Chapman, John H. Dingman, Wm. A. Nosworthy, John A. Holden, Wilbur B. Ketcham, W. E. Pulsifer, D. C. Heath, Edward M. Bentley, John S. Clark, Robert J. Finley, V. Gribayedoff, Hanford Crawford, W. H. Drake, Edwin C. Arnold, Henry C. Brown, Charles H. Brown, Robert D. Townsend, and George F. Kunz.

Among the guests were E. L. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*; J. B. Gilder, editor of *The Critic*; Mr. Cephas Brainerd, Vice-President of the Bar Association; Francis Lynde Stetson, Lieut. Max Wood, U. S. N., and Charles I. Berg.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll sailed for England on Saturday last by the *Campania*—the ship they came out in. They hope, so they say, to return often; and the hope is shared by their many American friends.

J. B. G.

The Latest Thing in Poets

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The very newest thing in poets is a young Japanese (recently discovered by Gelett Burgess, editor of *The Lark*), whose weird imaginings and riotous rhetoric have attracted the attention of literary critics. Yonehiro Noguchi is a slender lad of twenty years, with a fine expressive face, large dark eyes and sensitive mouth; his only distinguishing Japanese characteristics being the scant eyelids, the olive skin and the thatch of coarse black hair which typify the race. Living with Joaquin Miller, on his rocky hillside farm at Oakland, Cal., the young poet, both by environment and temperament, is a disciple of things weird and mystic. And the Poet of the Sierras, who acts the part of guide, philosopher and friend, with an interest born of sympathy and congeniality, says, "He's one of my class; I like queer folks—the queer are always good. This boy is the right sort; he does just as he pleases—lives in the cabin yonder. I never go into it. Sometimes he comes in here and we talk of men and books. I love the Japanese people—always have; and this lad comes of the best blood in the kingdom."

Yone Noguchi is almost inaccessible to interviewers, and artists have tried in vain for an opportunity to sketch him. Restless, moody and sad as his own songs, he shrinks from notoriety for himself, though he is ambitious for the recognition of his work. His favorite haunt is a rocky dell high up in a cañon among the redwoods. "I like it," said he, speaking of this place, where he does most of his work; "I like it much better than down in the sunshine; down there you feel happy, but up here more sad, and you can meditate and mature. By-and-by I will build a cabin, and maybe stay up here all the time." Educated in Tokio, the lad has spent the last three years in California. He is well-read; familiar with the great English poets, and fond of American work. He prefers not to be photographed in his native dress, as he objects to that sort of interest, saying he wants to write for America, and depend solely upon the value of his work. *The Lark* for July first gave his songs to the public; and in Mr. Burgess he has found a firm friend, to whose judgment he confides even the disposal of his manuscripts, which have just begun to be asked for.

Though for the most part these songs are as unintelligible as a Japanese dream, yet they have a poetic quality which need not be

understood to be enjoyed. They have been compared to Stephen Crane's, but this is a mistake, as both men suffer by the comparison. With his intuitive grasp of Nature's greatest meanings, Yone Noguchi is an avowed admirer of Walt Whitman, but his Oriental spirit protests against being called a follower of that poet. He is also a lover of Wordsworth, Thoreau and Burroughs. Two more of his songs were printed in the September *Lark*, and one



in a recent *Chap-Book*. Mr. Burgess explains that all the words are Noguchi's, though they have been slightly rearranged by the editorial pen. I quote from the July *Lark*'s "Seen and Unseen":—

"The brave upright rains come right down like errands from iron-bodied yoretime, never looking back; out of the ever tranquil, ocean-breasted, far high Heaven—yet as high but as the gum tree at my cabin window.

Without hesitation, they kill themselves in an instant on the earth, lifting their single-noted chants—O tragedy!—Chants? Nay, the clapping sound of earth-lips.

O, heavenly manna, chilly, delicate as goddess' tears for the intoxicated mouth of the soil, this gossamer-veiled day!

The Universe now grows sober, gaunt, hungry, frozen-hearted, spiteful-souled; alone, friendless, it groans out in the flute of the stony-throated frog.

Resignedly, the fleeting mountain of tired cloud creeps into the willow leaves—washed hair of palace-maiden of old.

Lo, the willow leaves, mirrored in the dust-freed waters of the pond!

"The flat-boarded earth, nailed down at night, rusting under the darkness. The Universe grows smaller, palpitating against its destiny.

My chilly soul,—center of the world,—gives seat to audible tears,—the songs of the cricket.

I drink the darkness of a corner of the Universe,—alas! square, immovable world to me, on my bed! Suggesting what—god or demon?—far down, under my body.

I am as a lost wind among the countless atoms of high Heaven!

Would the invisible Night might shake off her radiant light, answering the knocking of my soft-formed voice!"

RAHWAY, N. J., 18 Sept. 1896.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE REV. J. JOLLY, vicar of Thornton, in acknowledging the receipt of £1. 1s. from Mrs. Peter Collier of Ann Arbor, Mich., for the American front of the Brontë memorial organ in Thornton Church, writes to us that he has received, through Mr. Meeker, the American consul at Bradford, the following amounts: Mr. Andrew Carnegie, 2£. 2s.; Mr. L. A. Lathrop, U. S. consul in Bristol, 10s. 6d. The American front of the organ represents the pedal organ, valued at 200£, and further American contributions are solicited. The cost of the entire organ will be over 1000£.

Helen Keller in Cambridge

(The Cambridge Tribune)

MISS HELEN KELLER, who, under the care of her friend and companion, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, has made such marvellous progress in her studies during the nine years of conscious intellectual life since her teacher first joined her, has this year entered the regular classes at The Cambridge School. The object of her friends in placing her here among seeing and speaking girls is to develop her powers of self-guidance in greater degree than could have been possible under private tuition.

Mr. Arthur Gilman, the director of the School, wished when Miss Keller was first brought to him to find out how great had been her progress in the different subjects which she has studied. To this end he gave her some of the Harvard examination papers—the same papers which were presented to candidates at Harvard and Radcliffe colleges last June. Though she had never had any preparation for college examinations, in fact, had never had ex-



MISS KELLER AND MISS SULLIVAN

aminations of any sort, she passed the papers submitted with great credit. The time allowed for each paper was precisely the same as that given at regular examinations, but the questions had of course to be read to Miss Keller, which made the time left for answering them considerably less. The answers were type-written in clear, precise English, and almost without mistake either in spelling, punctuation or subject matter. The Harvard examiners to whom they were submitted agreed that, judged by the same standard by which they are accustomed to judge all papers, Miss Keller passed in every subject tried. These subjects were English, French, German and history.

Thus Miss Keller has virtually passed five hours of Radcliffe's examinations; this, too, at the uncommonly early age of sixteen, after only nine years of conscious development.

At The Cambridge School Miss Keller studies Latin, history and arithmetic with the classes. Miss Sullivan is with her constantly at school, and the two friends live together at Howells House on Concord Avenue, one of the residences connected with the School. Miss Keller, who is now a tall, bright-faced girl of sixteen, tells her visitors with evident pleasure that she is preparing for Radcliffe. Mr. Alexander Graham Bell asserts that she speaks better than any other mute in this country. She is still

very young for Radcliffe, and two or three years more will make her not older than most freshmen, though much more keen intellectually than any of them. She is very popular among her bright school friends, all of whom take very great interest in her.

In addition to the facts about Helen Keller mentioned in the above from the Boston *Transcript*, we glean from the fifty sixth annual report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution, prepared by Mr. Anagnos, that on her father's side she is a descendant of the first colonial governor of Virginia, Alexander Spotswood, while she was related to the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, and to other representatives of the oldest Virginian families; and on the side of her mother she is a connection of the families of Adams, Hale and Everett of Boston. Miss Keller unites in her person, therefore, the strong traits of both Northern and Southern character.

Miss Keller was born in Alabama, June 27, 1880, her father being a former Confederate officer, and later a United States marshal. No attempt at education was made for the first seven years, of her apparently hopeless life. It was when about nineteen months old that she lost all senses, but that of touch. In 1887 she was placed under the care of Miss Sullivan, who has since then devoted her life to the education of the little unfortunate.

Three years later she had learned to articulate, and with a rapidity undreamt of by those who had had to do with children in the possession of their full faculties. In 1894 she was removed to the Wright-Humason School, in New York, refusing to become an inmate of a school built in London and named for her. Soon after she became apt in interpreting the speech of others by feeling their lips, and now she is able to communicate with anyone within reach of her sensitive finger-tips.

The accompanying portraits of Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan are reproduced in *The Critic* from a photograph by Falk.

London Letter

IT WAS ONLY last week that some allusion was made in these letters to the question of how much a newspaper review affects a book's popularity; and here, strangely enough, is to-day's *St. James's Budget* with a symposium of publishers upon this very topic. All the best houses have their say upon the subject; and the general conclusion is fairly unanimous. All agree that a skilful, critical review, written by a man who knows what he is writing about, is of instant advantage to a book; and most of the publishers take the opportunity of saying that the so-called "review" which merely lifts the book's best bits into an article of extracts is an actual injury to the work it pretends to advocate. There is also a unanimous opinion that the "spiteful" notice which is directly traceable to private feeling has not the slightest weight with the public; and that common log-rolling is equally ineffective. Nothing is said of Mr. Gladstone's postcards, but Mr. Heinemann, who is nothing if not statistical, affirms that his review copies cost him 2000*l.* a year! Mr. George Allen reminds us that even Thackeray was unable to kill "Unto this Last"; and Mr. Elkin Mathews is positive that the minor poets are fed by praise. Mr. Bowden remarks that, unless a book is what the public want, no favorable review can commend it to the public attention, while Mr. John Lane apparently prefers his publications to be "slated," since drastic treatment proved the fortune of "The Woman Who Did" and the still surviving *Yellow Book*. Mr. Lock (of Ward, Lock & Co.) goes somewhat off the lines to praise Mr. Guy Boothby and *The Windsor Magazine*, but this is a very amiable trait, and not one whit more inconsequential than Mr. Constable's rejoinder to Mr. Clement Shorter. Altogether this is a very humorous symposium, and constitutes, perhaps, as wholesome and unhysterical an exposure of the fallacies of "log-rolling" as could possibly be desired by the least successful of authors.

I was talking the other morning with a man who has had peculiar opportunities of observing the trend of current literary taste, and he told me that booksellers are beginning to notice a growing demand for works dealing with natural history and country life. My friend, who is evidently a master of the *Tendens* theory, was inclined to attribute this—*mirabile dictu!*—to the perennial bicycle. I think myself that the argument was rather ingenious than convincing; but his view was that the city clerk o' Sundays, resting on a stile thirty miles from town, with his machine beside him, espies the homely tomtit which he has never seen in Pentonville; and longs to identify its species. Consequently, he rides home apace and gets Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's volumes from the free library. Be this as it may (and one may fairly doubt the genesis of the interest), it is at least pleasant to learn that there is a tend-

ency to read something a little more informative than "The Murder of Delicia." And there really seems to be no question that books of the Richard Jefferies school are more popular just now than they have ever been before. It is the same with sport generally; which reminds me that everyone must be glad to see that Messrs. Innes & Co. have had the courage to follow in the footsteps of Messrs. Longmans, and instituted a thoroughly good library of British games. They deserve success, for they have done the thing in a downright fashion, going to the right men and getting the right sort of material. And the books are moderately priced, and at the same time of a self-respecting exterior.

Miss Elizabeth Robins is essaying Ibsen once more, and invites subscriptions for a performance of "Little Eyolf" in the middle of December. She will be assisted by Miss Janet Achurch—a combination which will unite in a single evening's entertainment the two bright and exclusive stars of Ibsenism. If the thing succeeds, she proposes later on to give an English version of José Echegaray's "Mariana." This author is at present very little known in England, though Miss Hannah Lynch last year translated two of his plays into very tolerable English. A good deal of interest will be taken in the performance, and there will surely be subscribers forthcoming to make the venture a financial success.

I understand that the adapter of the novel to purposes of the stage will not stop short at "Under the Red Robe." Mr. A. E. W. Mason's capital tale "The Courtship of Morice Buckler" has been dramatised, and Mr. Forbes Robertson is understood to have acquired the dramatic rights for England. At present, I believe, no date has been fixed for the production. "Under the Red Robe" is attracting immense houses, and vies with "Rosemary" in being one of the most difficult pieces to get a seat for.

How vain is petulant attack against an established favorite! We may not all regard Mr. Clement Scott very seriously as a dramatic critic; but there can be no doubt that his opulent, rotund articles in *The Daily Telegraph* are greatly popular with the man-in-the-street. Lately, a not very worthy attack has been made upon him in the shape of a belated review of a volume of verse published by Mr. Scott some eight years ago. No sooner is the ball started, than a number of inconsiderable actors who have grudges against him begin to write foolish letters to the papers, chuckling over his imagined downfall. But the *Telegraph* has asserted its confidence in its dramatic critic with every circumstance of emphasis. From henceforth it has secured Mr. Scott's exclusive services, and his contributions to *The Illustrated London News* and other periodicals will come to an end before the present year. One may sincerely congratulate the *Telegraph* upon its loyalty to a writer whose method and attitude are the exact expression of the journal he has so faithfully served. It would, indeed, be hard if the paper had not stuck to its henchman; but nowadays the ways of journalism are not always the ways of justice.

Among interesting reminiscences which will appear this autumn, none is likely to command more attention than the two handsome volumes of Lord Roberts's memoirs of India, which are now almost ready for the binder. Here is the career of a sterling soldier, set forth (it is said) with manly, unaffected frankness. It should speak to every Englishman, at a time when the rumor of war is still among us.

LONDON, 30 Oct. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Some Recent French Memoirs

BARON CLAUDE BARANTE writes me from the Château de Barante that he is engaged in correcting the last proofs of the sixth volume of the "Souvenirs" (Calmann Lévy) of his grandfather, the first Baron de Barante, one of the founders of the famous doctrinaire party. This work is one of the most interesting and important of recent contributions to the political history of the Restoration and the July Monarchy—second only to the Pasquier "Mémoires," and far more entertaining. "This new volume," M. de Barante's letter reads, "extends from 1837 to 1841. The letters written by M. Molé during the coalition are especially curious. Those from the Duchess de Broglie are the last penned by her before her death and seem to reflect the presentiment of her approaching end. The letters from the Duchess de Dino on the death of her uncle, Prince de Talleyrand, on the change in her daily life caused by that sad event, and on the increased religious turn given to her thoughts and feelings, will also be found interesting. The diplomatic dispatches introduced into the volume will bring under the eye of the reader all the phases of the Eastern Question during those four years when the negotiations between

the great Powers were so difficult and laborious, and when the gravest incidents occurred. The private letters of M. Thiers and M. Guizot, which accompanied their official dispatches, furnish us a more exact picture of their impressions and projects during this period, when they played so important a rôle. Some new facts will be revealed, and among these evidence of how a final rupture between Russia and France was averted in February 1839 by the resolution shown by our Ambassador [Baron de Barante, who then represented France at St. Petersburg] in not communicating to the Russian Government a dispatch from Marshal Soult, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs, which would infallibly have brought on a war—a fortunate bit of disobedience for which my grandfather was warmly thanked by M. Thiers, who succeeded the Marshal at this moment."

The seventh and last volume of these Souvenirs will be published next year, and will bring down the narrative to 1866, the date of Baron de Barante's death. "Its chief interest," writes the grandson, "will centre in the letters about the revolution of 1848, the Crimean and Italian wars and the Sadowa campaign. The judgments passed on these events and the predictions made by the former statesmen of the First Empire, the Restoration and the July Monarchy, now in their extreme old age and far removed from public life, will give to these closing chapters of the work a special stamp. Guizot and Pasquier are the principal interlocutors."

The new (fourth) volume of Marshal de Castellane's "Journal" (Paris: Plon), which appeared some time ago, brings down the narrative to the establishment of the Second Empire, which he aided, in no small measure, to bring about. This fact was emphasized by the new Emperor, who on the first anniversary of the *coup d'état*—December 2, 1852—created the faithful General a Marshal of France. A large part of the fifth and last volume, which ends with 1862, the year of the Marshal's death, was announced for publication in October.

M. Denormandie's "Souvenirs" (Paris: Léon Chaillay) open with the fall of Louis Philippe, and then deal with the revolution of 1848, the fall of the Second Empire and subsequent events. As the author is the ex-Governor of the Bank of France, President of the Comptoir d'Escompte and a Life Senator, his opinions carry weight, especially as this book was at first printed for private circulation in the exact form in which it now appears publicly. M. Denormandie declares the much-abused National Assembly of 1871 to have been "the most zealous and laborious that ever presided over national affairs." As an example of the many rather valuable little facts scattered through these pages, I may cite the account of the dinner party which the author's father gave on the evening of 21 Feb. 1848, the day of the prohibition of the famous banquet which precipitated the revolution. In the midst of the festivities, a note was handed to the host, who was one of the King's lawyers, summoning him immediately to the Tuileries, for Louis Philippe, foreseeing approaching disaster, was anxious to terminate several important business matters. "Here we have one more instance," says M. Denormandie, "of the monarch's profound political sagacity. Though nothing grave had yet happened, he felt from the very start that the conflict brought on by the prohibition of the banquet threatened the loss of his crown." And M. Denormandie might have added, if his social relations had not made it impossible, that this anecdote also illustrates the excessive care for the material things of life for which the Orleans family has always been notorious.

The second and concluding volume of the "Mémoires de Mme. de Chastenay" (Paris: Plon) will appear in the autumn. The first volume, which was published in the early part of the present year, attracted considerable attention on account of the fresh light which it threw on the Revolution and Empire. It stopped in 1804. The new one will bring the narrative down to the fall of the Empire and Waterloo.

"Les Souvenirs du Lieutenant-Général Lahure" (Paris: Lahure), published by his grandson, Baron Lahure, covers a period extending from 1787 to 1815. Though this brave and active Belgian played, during the stormy days about which he writes, a rather minor part, owing to his having fallen into disfavor with Napoleon, still his contributions to history should not be neglected in a study of the time. More than one anecdote and fact are new and valuable.

"Les Mémoires du Baron d'Haussez" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), published by his great-granddaughter, the Duchess d'Almazan, run from the beginning to the end of the Restoration. The second and final volume, which will be printed in November, will be of especial importance, as it will contain documents concerning

the Polignac Ministry, in which Baron d'Haussez held the portfolio of the navy, and describe, from an inside position, the events which precipitated the revolution of 1830. The work is edited in an admirable manner by the Counts de Circourt and de Puymaigre. They offer an Introduction of some 125 pages, which, though chiefly the political biography of Baron d'Haussez, contains many judicious reflections, made from a royalistic standpoint, on the ill-starred Restoration which began so well and ended so badly. The many footnotes—brief biographical notices of the scores of public men mentioned in the text—are also the work of the editors, and as exact as they are instructive. The Count de Circourt who signs this Introduction is Albert de Circourt, who died in June of last year, just after completing the editing of these Memoirs. He was the last of three or four brothers, all of whom were men of no ordinary parts, and who would probably have played prominent rôles in public life, if they had not been unwavering Legitimists.

M. Henri Rochefort's "Les Aventures de ma Vie" (Paris: Paul Dupont) has reached its fourth volume, and the fifth and final volume is now in press. These pages read like Rochefort's daily leaders in the *Intransigeant*—they are bitter and extravagant. But Rochefort has been too prominently before the public since the Second Empire, is too typical a revolutionist of the old school, which has now almost disappeared from French politics, and has so often risked his life and lost his liberty in popular or political movements, for the story of his career not to awaken admiration and interest, if not sympathy. So one reads this curious autobiography with mixed feelings, but one reads it nevertheless, both inside and outside of France, as is evidenced by the numerous editions which the work has already reached.

PARIS.

THEODORE STANTON.

The Lounger

PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS argues very emphatically in favor of signed criticism, and from his point of view he is right. The writer, be he a critic or merely a poet, who wishes to make his name known, to make it, in short, his "stock in trade," naturally wants to sign everything that he puts in print. The editor looks at the matter from another point of view. He is working to establish the opinions of his paper. He wishes to see that quoted as an authority, not the critic who writes for him. That is one of his arguments. Another and a stronger one is that he believes (and he bases his belief on experience) that a critic is more apt to give his real opinion of a book when his name does not accompany the criticism than when it does. Prof. Matthews does not think that this is so, but I am sure that it is. Specialists do not like to express an adverse opinion of another specialist's work. They think it ungracious.

PROF. MATTHEWS tells me that he has never suffered from this diffidence, and that he does not hesitate to show up a fellow specialist when he finds him in the wrong. This may be true in his case, but it is not true in most cases. Then again, another argument against signed articles is that readers become tired of the same names over and over again. You need only take the case of two London periodicals, *The Academy* and *The Athenaeum*. Dr. Appleton, the founder of the former journal, believed as Prof. Matthews does, and what was the result? The reader not only got tired of seeing the same names week in and week out, but *The Academy* was never a success. On the other hand, there is no English journal of criticism that is more successful or carries more weight than *The Athenaeum*. The only department in which it does not carry weight is that in which the identity of the writer is known. The quality of the verse contributed to its columns, in large quantity, by its critic of poetry, impairs the value of his unsigned but readily recognized criticisms. There are circumstances in which it is advantageous and agreeable to have critical articles signed, but they are rare. When a writer's name carries authority with it, the reader is glad to see it. Prof. Matthews's name signed to a review of the literature of the French drama, for example, would add to the interest and value of the review, while the name of Sarah Arabella Thompson would not; and yet Sarah Arabella would be just as eager to sign, and give a thousand reasons why she should.

AS *Punch* WAS DU MAURIER, I wonder if that periodical will cease to live now that its chief contributor is dead. I never heard of anyone caring for any of the contributions to *Punch* except those of du Maurier and possibly Tenniel. Phil May is

clever, but his cleverness is not of the sort that gave du Maurier his vogue. It was du Maurier's elegance as well as his wit that charmed the subscribers for *Punch*. It would not surprise me at all if, without him, that periodical should find it a hard struggle to hold its place in popular affection.

* * *

THE LATE Napoleon Sarony was no doubt the best-known photographer in the United States. He was, however, more than a mere photographer: he was an artist. And yet, strange to say, he did not put as much art into his photographs as either Mr. George C. Cox or Mr. James Breese put into his. Mr. Sarony much preferred sketching from life in charcoal or crayon to working with the camera. His style was that of the sketch—bold, quick, an impression rather than a finished drawing,—and yet he was far from being an impressionist. He had an original mind, and did some very striking things in his day. Nothing, perhaps, was more striking than the way in which he wrote his name on his photographs. That signature (his trade-mark), in a magnified form, ran across his building on Union Square, and was imitated by half the photographers in the land. Mr. Sarony was a member of the Tile Club from the beginning, and was the founder of the Salmagundi Club.

* * *

WHEN "JANE EYRE" first took the novel-reading world by storm, it was supposed to be the work of a man, for women were not so free in what they wrote in those days as they are now. If the book had made its first appearance to-day, no one would have thought for a moment that it was the work of a man: it is entirely feminine in treatment, and could, it seems to me, have been written by no one but a woman, and a very womanly woman at that. In writing to her friend, Mr. Williams, apropos of a foolish critic who said that the book might be praised if it was the work of a man, but that it was "odious" as the work of a woman, Charlotte Brontë said:—"To such critics I would say, 'To you I am neither man nor woman—I come before you as an author only. It is the sole standard by which you have a right to judge me—the sole ground on which I accept your judgment.'"

* * *

I HAVE IN MY possession a fragment of a letter written in Charlotte Brontë's own hand, which, it seems to me, shows her character as well as anything that she ever wrote. It is the ending of a letter to Miss Nussey, and these are the lines:—"Submission, courage—exertion when practicable—these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle. Yours faithfully, C. Brontë."

* * *

A WRITER IN *The Independent* comes to the help of my correspondent who expressed his unfamiliarity with poems celebrating electricity. *The Independent's* writer says:—"Sydney Lanier, who had an interest in scientific knowledge of all sorts, affords a few pertinent quotations on this topic, as:—

'Snatching Death's hot bolt ere hurled,
Flash new life about the world';

'the subtler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth';

and he devotes several stanzas to the havoc of the lightning:—

'Cold cloud, but yesterday
Thy lightning slew a child at play.

What myriad righteous errands high
Thy flames might run on,' etc."

See also Dr. van Dyke's Princeton Sesquicentennial Poem.

* * *

IF IAN MACLAREN had taken the advice that Dr. Conan Doyle offered to British writers after his return from the United States, he would have missed having a very good time and missed, also, the opportunity of making a good deal of sound American money. Dr. Doyle was not successful as a lecturer over here for a very simple reason—his admirers are not recruited from the lecture-going class. There is just where Dr. Watson had the advantage of him. The readers of the latter's stories are the very people who make up the lecturer's audience. The lecture is their theatre, their opera, their yacht—I had almost said their bicycle, but cannot quite say that: they must have some out-of-doors fun. When Dr. Watson arrived in the United States he found his audience waiting for him, and when his audience heard him they were happy, for he filled a long-felt want.

* * *

AS A REACTION from the suggestive posters that run riot in Paris, the Boulevard des Capucines has been placarded with a carefully executed reproduction of M. Puvion de Chavannes's painting, "The Childhood of St. Geneviève." The placarding has been done by the Union pour l'Action Morale, an association organized for the purpose of "appealing to man's higher nature by every form of art." There is no city in the world where such an appeal is more needed than in Paris.

* * *

THE ROBERT BROWNING SOCIAL SETTLEMENT keeps the poet's memory green in one of the most crowded quarters of London. It celebrates Browning anniversaries, and has reproduced the poet's birth certificate, which is in the church now forming the headquarters of the institution. The poet's father and Sarah Anne Wiedemann, his mother, were church members and teachers in the Sunday-school. Not only does the Settlement celebrate the poet thus sentimentally, but there is also a practical side to its purpose, for it has numerous classes of an educational kind, clubs, lectures and a "poor man's lawyer," who attends to the legal work of the poor free of charge.

* * *

THE LATE Edgar Wilson Nye introduces his last book, "A Guest at the Ludlow," with a few lines of verse:—

"Go, little booklet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
'Til every where that you have went,
They're glad that you have came."

This is not Mr. Nye's only posthumous volume. The Messrs. Lippincott have just issued his "Comic History of England," which, by the way, he did not live to finish. It is not as amusing as his history of the United States, for the reason, perhaps, that he did not know the ground so well.

* * *

THE LONDON *Globe*, one of the papers in which appeared the "ad" containing the poem of Sir Edwin Arnold (see Mr. Waugh's London Letter in *The Critic* of Oct. 10), publishes the poet's protest and the reply of the advertising agent. Sir Edwin says that when he sold the poem, with the stipulation that the buyer might use it "as he liked, and whenever and wherever he liked," he "never dreamt that these general words would cover the use of the poem in any method other than those customary and legitimate methods in which it is becoming that a poem should be used." The advertising agent replies in substance that he did not explain his intention in regard to the poem for fear that some business rival might similarly corral some other distinguished poet. The *Globe* simply states that it acted in good faith, and is sorry that it unintentionally hurt Sir Edwin's feelings.

* * *

In *The Evening Post* of Oct. 31, I find this amazing paragraph:—"Wild dogs, as dangerous as wolves, have lately been abundant in those parts of Japan that were destroyed by the tidal wave of June 15. They killed several country postmen, until these officials were supplied with trumpets, of which these animals are afraid." So in those parts of Japan which do not exist, having been destroyed by a tidal wave, dead postmen come to life again, when supplied with trumpets! Were such a heavy draft on my credulity made by any other paper than the *Post*, I should refuse to honor it.

The Fine Arts

"The History of Modern Painting"

By Richard Muther. 3 vols. Macmillan Co.

THE MOST NOTICEABLE points about Prof. Muther's voluminous work are his championship of the latest innovators, the symbolists, of whom we, in America, have heard much but seen little; his contention that artists should work with subjects of their own time; and his readiness to see in certain English painters the precursors of every artistic movement on the Continent. After attacking the shades of David, Goethe and Winckelmann for their devotion to the antique, and passing over rather slightly the romantics, he devotes a large share of his three bulky volumes to the various manifestations of realism in the painting of many European countries and of America. In a few suggestive chapters at the end of his last volume, he takes account of the new idealism, which, he is satisfied, is to replace the now outworn

naturalistic movement. Such an extension as he gives to the middle phase in the painting of the century would not be possible without including many mediocre painters. But these chapters deal with artists known to the public at least by name, whose works are in the shops. They have an undeniable present interest, and they were the easiest of all to write, calling for nothing more than the ability to put into words some jocular or pathetic story, some aspect or incident of "life," which the artist had already told (a much more difficult matter) in paint. They will please the artists and their friends, the dealers and the buyers: they will sell the work—and harm it.

The author, however, is not a mere reporter of what is being done in the studios and sold in the shops. He sees that the real importance of the movement now coming to a close is this, that it has led to a new and closer study of nature, and has thus provided a solid basis for the new idealism. But he is not as clear as he should be that the new ideal cannot be at all points new. We have gained, through the impressionists, a greater power of painting light, of modelling by color; but the confined light and startling contrasts of the romantics were not always false. Everything paintable is not out-of-doors; nor are we calming down to such a condition of mind and soul as that the dream-like decorations of Puvion de Chavannes can quite content us on the emotional side. In landscape, we have acquired, also, a much more intimate knowledge of the form and structure of trees and rocks, clouds and waves than was possessed by the old masters; but, if there is to be a new ideal landscape, we shall not be able to dispense with the lessons taught by Claude and Turner. Millet and his numerous followers may be said to have begun a new art of figure-painting, but we must go back at least as far as Blake, to gain some intimation of how it may issue in symbolic decorations.

Prof. Muther's theories cause him to lean in the direction of decadentism. Blake has something to answer for on that score—in so far as Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Swinburne are his descendants; but there is also a robust and healthy side to his imagination, which is purely modern. It is strange to see a sane and well-informed German array himself under the banner of the Rosy Cross and play Sancho to Sar Péladan's Quixote. But he makes amends, to some extent, by his recognition of the genius of Whistler, who is, so far, the only truly modern idealist of note. Watts owes nearly all that is good in his painting to the great Venetians; there would be no Burne-Jones without Botticelli, no Gustave Moreau without Leonardo. But Whistler owes little to his predecessors. He has certain qualities in common with the Japanese and the great naturalists of the seventeenth century; but he is more unlike than like them.

It has become a commonplace to ascribe to English influence the change from the classical landscapes to the *paysage intime*. And, in doing so, theory has, as is usual in such cases, obscured the facts with which it started. The naturalistic landscape was well on its way in France when Constable's pictures were exhibited in Paris. They gave a new impulse to the movement, but did not begin it. In our own day the art of Japan has had a much deeper and wider influence; but no one would say that the natural progress of out-of-doors painting would not have led to a gradual heightening of the key of color, and a corresponding delicacy and flatness of modelling, if the works of the Japanese, who had been approaching nature from the contrary direction, had never reached Europe. Those who accept what they are not ready to assimilate are copyists, not artists.

The doctrine that the subjects of painting should always be drawn from contemporary life is one of those that are propounded every now and then to give the art critics something to attack or defend. The past is as open to the painter as to the poet or novelist. If he is a mechanic working for the market, he will paint what the dealers will buy; but if he is a man of genius or of talent, he will paint what interests him from a pictorial point of view, be it his cooking-pot bubbling on the stove, or the preaching of the Crusades.

Prof. Muther's work is to be welcomed for several reasons. It fills the want, which has been severely felt for some time, of a reliable book of reference in which the history of painting is brought down to the present day. The writer is a man of catholic taste and wide acquaintance with his subject; and his book is not a dry compilation, but alive with personal judgment, candidly expressed and, as a rule, just. It contains a very interesting review of the German romantic period and of German art in general; and it gives a prominence, perhaps necessary, though not always justified, to the work of men who are still making their way. Very little of account has been overlooked by the

author, whose style is that of a man who knows his subject and loves it. It is the opposite of the dry-as-dust manner of most German historians of art. The translation has been, on the whole, well done, but there are roughnesses which should disappear if the work reaches a second edition. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, but not very well printed.

Chiswick Press Work at the Grolier Club

THERE HAS BEEN placed on view at the Grolier Club a large and interesting collection of the printed and engraved work of the Chiswick Press, which has been got together by Mr. Charles Warren for his monograph, "The Charles Whittinghams, Printers," published by the Club. The collection includes a bound set of *The Tomahawk*, many examples of the charming miniature editions of the classics printed for Pickering and Tate, and copies of the many vignettes and other illustrations intended for them. These little cuts, engraved by Clennell and Thompson after designs by Harvey, Stothard and others, occupy a peculiar position in the history of wood-engraving, and are admirably designed to accompany the text. The Chiswick Press, in its long career, has produced nothing else that has the artistic merit of these small editions. Numerous reprints and copies of old books and engravings follow, and much commercial work of a high order, but of no artistic pretensions. Among the latest works shown are William Morris's romances, "The House of the Wolfings" and "The Foot of the Mountains."

Art Notes

AN EXHIBITION of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's drawings for the comedies of Shakespeare, together with the reproductions made from them, was opened on Nov. 7 in the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts.

—Fascicule No. 3 of the "Figaro-Salon" contains among its full-page illustrations reproductions of M. Gervex's charming portrait group, "Maternité," M. Aimé Perret's scene of rural life, "Le Tambour du Village," Raffaelli's characteristic rendering of "Notre Dame," an "Effet de Soleil" with a figure fantastically dressed, by Mr. W. L. Hawkins, and a Henner-like "Crépuscule," by E. R. Ménard. Among the smaller illustrations in the text will be found a monument to Molière by the sculptor Injalbert, and a curious project for a monument to Balzac, in which the great writer is represented as a sort of Egyptian sphinx, by M. Marquet de Vasselot. There is, also, a large print in colors of François Lafon's painting of an incident of the Franco-Prussian war, "Bazeilles, 1870."

—The Charcoal Club of Baltimore entertained Mr. André Castaigne at dinner on Thursday evening, Nov. 5, prior to his return this week to Europe. Mr. Castaigne, who used to be the Club's instructor, has been travelling in the United States for some weeks past, and has filled his notebooks with sketches for magazine illustrations.

—Mr. Edward John Poynter, who has been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, to succeed Lord Leighton, was born in Paris, 20 March 1836. He settled in London in 1860, and became an A. R. A. in 1869, and an R. A. in 1876. He has been successively Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London, Director of the art schools at South Kensington Museum, and Director of the National Gallery. He was elected after a struggle with Mr. Briton Riviere.

—Several large decorative canvases, by Mr. W. L. Dodge, intended for the Library of Congress, have been on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, together with some other works of a less ambitious but more satisfactory sort.

—Mr. Will H. Bradley tells the New York correspondent of *Book News* that he is occupied upon a richly decorated edition of the "Morte d'Arthur." In emulation of William Morris, he will execute every detail of the work himself, with the exception of the text, which will be edited for him. Mr. Morris edited his own texts, but he did not actually stick type, as Mr. Bradley proposes to do, nor turn the press.

—"Studies in the Art Anatomy of Animals," by Ernest E. Thompson, is announced by the Macmillans. The author, who is an American, points out that there is no book presenting the general principles of comparative anatomy applied to art.

The Drama

Auguste Van Biene

"THE BROKEN MELODY," which was produced in the American Theatre in the latter part of last week, is a chaotic and ridiculous three-act play constructed around a violoncello. The accredited authors are Messrs. Herbert Keen and James T. Tanner, but the probability is that their work consisted chiefly in filling-in, with exceedingly indifferent dialogue, the skeleton of a plot devised by Mr. Van Biene, a Dutch musician who had won some reputation in England as a 'cellist and thought that he could win fame and fortune by exhibiting his accomplishment upon the dramatic stage. If report be true, and there is no reason to doubt the essential part of it, his experiment has been justified abundantly by the result. At all events, the piece has been repeated more than 1000 times in the British provinces, and it is not likely that he has been playing it at a loss. It is scarcely worth while to enter into the details of a piece which in plan and execution bears all the marks of raw and rough apprenticeship. Briefly, it purports to tell the story of a Polish genius, long neglected by ignorant English managers, promptly recognized by an intelligent foreigner, and then, in the moment of triumph, robbed of wife and happiness by the machinations of a duchess who loves him and has a Russian general and police spy for a confederate. The tale, which presumably refers more or less remotely to Mr. Van Biene's personal experience, might have been made plausible and effective by a skilful playwright, but in its present shape is wholly preposterous and incredible. This is a pity, because Mr. Van Biene, although manifestly inexperienced as an actor, nevertheless has dramatic instincts and capacity which are worthy of better employment. In two or three emotional passages he displays a mingled delicacy and force most uncommon in a comparative novice, and a sense of gradation and proportion which is thoroughly artistic. His acting, throughout, was more than respectable in quality, and more than once provoked hearty applause.

With his 'cello he won something like a triumph. Professional experts, perhaps, might criticise his style as somewhat lacking in breadth, solidity and nobility, but his execution is remarkably facile and sure, his tone rich and sympathetic, and his expression admirable. He played a Hungarian rhapsody with a dash, variety and abandonment beautifully characteristic of that school of music, and with great melodic charm. His performance of the intermezzo from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was also extremely good, while the simplicity, sweetness and pathos of his "Home, Sweet Home" aroused his audience to positive enthusiasm. This part of his entertainment was emphatically successful, but whether the general public will be willing to endure his play for the sake of his music is a problem which only time can solve.

"The Sign of the Cross"

THE CHIEF REASON for saying anything about this play by Mr. Wilson Barrett, which was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday evening, is to put readers on their guard against being taken in by the adroit puffery of which it has been the subject. Nearly everybody knows by this time that it has received the solemn approbation of several eminent English clergymen, that it elicited a generally complimentary remark from Mr. Gladstone, and that it has been played in England for many months to crowded houses. Moreover, it has been hailed by a distinguished American playwright as a new, bold and striking departure in dramatic literature. Nothing is more notorious than the inability of clergymen as a class to pronounce a judgment of any value upon the theatre. It is seldom that they have a good word to say of it, but when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. In the present instance they have been beguiled, as Mr. Barrett doubtless hoped and expected that they would be, by the religious sentiment with which he has seasoned an ordinary melodrama, and especially by the final tableau, in which the Roman voluptuary and infidel is so impressed by the ecstatic courage and calm of the Christian martyr that he elects to share her faith and death.

The subject is a good one, but the notion that there is anything new about it is curious. The persecutions of the early Christians have been represented frequently and effectively upon the stage, notably in Saumet's "Gladiator," in which Salvini was so magnificent. Mr. Barrett's play, in spite of the encomiums lavished upon it, is nothing but a spectacular melodrama, not wholly devoid of ingenuity—it contains, indeed, several effective scenes,—but without the least elevation, imagination or sincerity. As for the religious sentiment, of which so much has been said, it is introduced so manifestly with theatrical purpose that it loses much

of the effect which ought to belong to it, being no more convincing than the affectation of classic learning exhibited in the occasional introduction of a few familiar Roman expressions into a dialogue otherwise intensely modern. In literary quality, in short, it is no better than Mr. Barrett's other classic experiments, nor is there any good reason why it should be. Considered strictly on its own merits, without reference to its religious pretense, it is a tolerable specimen of romantic melodrama, which would be improved greatly by liberal condensation, more particularly in those passages intended to be humorous. As a spectacle it is uncommonly good, the management having prepared an elaborate and fairly accurate setting, and a number of attractive costumes. The acting of the individual performers is not remarkable, but the general representation is smooth enough, and Mr. Charles Dalton is a fine figure as the hero. The audience, on the first night, was kindly, but never enthusiastic.

Education

The American Journal of Germanic Philology is to begin its career with the opening of 1897. It will aim at sound helpful criticism and the absence of all unscientific bias, and will admit only authorities to its columns. The reviews will give a critical account of all important work done in the field, and at first will be retrospective, so as to present to readers a brief history of the various topics. Although German and English departments will be the most prominent, all related subjects will receive appropriate consideration. The new project is under the management of Prof. Gustav Ernst Karsten of the University of Indiana. Prof. Karsten was graduated from Marienburg College, Prussia, in 1878, and continued his studies at the universities of Leipzig, Königsberg, Heidelberg and Freiburg, where he won his doctorate in 1883. Studies in London, Paris and Tübingen occupied his attention till 1885, when he began his academic work as a docent in the University of Geneva. His first year's work was not completed when the University of Indiana offered him the Chair of Romance Languages, which he accepted. In 1889 he was transferred to the German department—a position for which his preparation had well fitted him. He has been a frequent contributor to *Modern Language Notes*, and his contributions to the leading philological journals of Europe have made him there perhaps the best-known of our younger philologists. The *Journal* will open its columns to foreign as well as American writers, and Prof. Karsten's co-editor is Prof. Georg Holz of the University of Leipzig. Prominent men in our larger universities will have charge of the various departments. Six numbers will be published annually, making a volume of from 500 to 600 pages. The price in this country will be \$2; abroad, \$2.50.

Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld's series of six lectures in German at Columbia College (in Hamilton Hall, Madison Avenue and 49th Street) was begun on Nov. 9. The three remaining lectures will be given as follows: Nov. 16, "The Most Recent Excavations in Greece"; Nov. 17, "The Acropolis of Athens"; Nov. 19, "Tiryns and Mycenæ." The lectures are illustrated, and open to the public. No tickets of admission are required.

The Archaeological Society of the University of Pennsylvania gave a reception in honor of Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld, in the University Library building, on Nov. 6. The reception marked, also, the opening for the season of the Museum of Archaeology and Palæontology, this being the first time that the American collection has been opened to the public. An important addition to this collection is found in the prehistoric antiquities from Bolivia deposited by Dr. William Pepper.

The Trustees of Dartmouth College, through the generosity of Mr. Henry M. Balser, offer a prize of \$100 for the best original music for Mr. Richard Hovey's college song, "Men of Dartmouth."

The new translation of the Bible into English, which is being made under the supervision of Prof. Haupt of Johns Hopkins, in connection with the preparation of the "polychromatic" Hebrew text, is now fairly under way. Two parts have been already completed, the Book of Isaiah, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne of Oxford University, and Leviticus, by Canon Driver, Professor of Hebrew in Oxford. The new metrical version of the Psalms, by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, is to be ready this month. The work is being published by the Johns Hopkins Press. A new font of type for the reproduction of Assyrian and Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions is being made from casts taken during last summer by Dr. Paul Haupt, Professor of Semitics in Johns Hopkins University.

The course of free lectures to the people, under the auspices of the Board of Education, was opened on the evening of Nov. 5, in twenty-three places in this city. Dr. H. M. Leipziger, the director of the course, has secured the coöperation of many eminent men.

The University of Edinburgh has at last conferred the degree of M. A. on women graduates, the Misses MacGregor and Geddes.

The photographic reproduction (in an edition limited to 140 copies) of the "Aldt Meistergesangbuch auff Pergamen" in the University library at Jena has just been completed by the firm of Strobel, Jena. The book is an invaluable aid for the study of music in the middle ages.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have just issued "The Story of Turnus," from *Æn.* VII.-XII., by Dr. Moses Slaughter; "Viri Romæ," selections, by G. C. Whicher, A. M.; "Livy," Book I, by Dr. John K. Lord; and "Surveying and Navigation," by Prof. A. G. Robbins. They will publish in December "Eutropius," selections, by Dr. Victor S. Clark.

In an interesting communication to a recent number of *The Evening Post*, Mr. Charles F. Cox, after referring briefly to what the rich men of this country have already done for art and science, suggests that one of them devote his superfluous wealth to providing a suitable building for the use of our local societies devoted to the pursuit of pure science, and endow them in such a way as to relieve them "from the expenditure of energy in the labor of mere pecuniary maintenance, and also to insure the proper publication of their papers and proceedings." The societies referred to by Mr. Cox are the New York Academy of Sciences, the Torrey Botanical Club, the New York Microscopical Society, the Linnæan Society of New York, the New York Mineralogical Club, the American Mathematical Society, the New York Section of the American Chemical Society and the New York Entomological Society, with a combined membership of over 1000. The building, Mr. Cox suggests, should contain a lecture-hall with a seating capacity of 1200, a library with shelf-room for at least 100,000 volumes, a meeting-room, laboratories, etc.

The Macmillan Co. announce the third edition of Prof. Giddings's "Principles of Sociology," with a new preface, in which the author further explains his sociological views and reaffirms the chief points of the work. The first edition was published only eight months ago.

By the will of the late Dr. Edward Gutmann of this city, who died on July 21, \$5000 is left to the Chief Magistrate of Berlin, Germany, for the creation of a stipendium at the Berlin University, for the students of the Friedrich Werder Latin School. The bequest is to be known as the Bonnell-Gutmann Bequest. The stipendium is limited to a period of four years, "Gentiles, as well as Hebrews, being equally eligible."

Mr. Bernard C. Steiner of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, will publish by subscription a "History of the Plantation of Menunkatuck and of the Original Town of Guilford, comprising the Present Towns of Guilford and Madison, 1639-1896."

While staying in Brighton, England, this summer, Prof. Hewitt of Cornell discovered and bought a portrait of Frederick W. Robertson, the famous Brighton preacher. It is the only picture of Robertson painted from life. He secured, also, numerous volumes from the library of the Poet Uhlard.

Notes

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD will publish about Dec. 1 "Through Unknown African Countries," by Dr. Donaldson Smith of Philadelphia, being the story of the first expedition from Samaliland to Lake Rudolf and Lamu. Shortly after his return, the Doctor gave an account of his expedition before the Royal Geographical Society in London. At this reception Ambassador Bayard delivered a complimentary address, in which he expressed his pleasure in finding that Dr. Donaldson Smith was "an American, a pioneer and an expositor."

—Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, President of the Alpine Club, personally supervised the bringing out of his "Exploration of the Caucasus" by Mr. Edward Arnold. The two volumes are illustrated by over seventy full-page photogravures and more than a hundred illustrations in the text, from photographs made on the spot.

—The Messrs. Appleton have nearly ready for publication "The Story of Architecture," by Mr. C. T. Matthews of this city. The book covers the ground from the Pyramids to the recent

World's Fair. Gen. Peter S. Michie, Professor at West Point, is engaged upon a life of Gen. McClellan for the Great Commanders series, published by this house.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on Nov. 17 "The Mystery of Sleep," by John Bigelow; "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes; "An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories," by M. E. M. Davis; and, in the new edition of Mark Twain's works, "Tom Sawyer Abroad; Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories." They have in press "The Square of Sevens: An Authoritative System of Cartomancy," with a prefatory notice by E. Irenæus Stevenson; and "In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglas Deland.

—The Macmillan Co. announces for early publication "The Log of a Naturalist in West Africa," by Miss Mary Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley; and "Domestic Service," by Prof. Lucy M. Salmon of Vassar, who gives a history of the subject and discusses its present conditions and the objections to it as an occupation.

—The Macmillan Co. promises a volume of travels by an Austrian Princess—the Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis. According to the London *Daily Chronicle*, she has been wandering in "Unknown Austria," meaning by that the country lying inland from Trieste.

—Mr. James M. Barrie's new book, "Margaret Ogilvy," will be published on Nov. 21. It is an affectionate sketch of the author's mother, which, in the nature of things, is also a sketch of much of his own life and surroundings, as well as of his work. It will be issued by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Barrie's new novel, "Sentimental Tommy," published only three weeks ago, is already in its fifteenth thousand.

—A new and cheap edition of Mr. Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette" has just been published by Mr. David Nutt and imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," in two volumes, the first issue of the collected edition of Mr. Meredith's writings, imported by the Messrs. Scribner, is now ready. In December "Eva Harrington" will be published, and "Sandra Belloni" in January, each in two volumes. The edition will be completed in February 1898.

—The Messrs. Scribner announce two volumes of poetry, one by the late H. C. Bunner, which will contain "Airs from Arcady," "Rowen" and the poems printed since the publication of those books; the other, a new volume by Miss Edith Thomas, called "A Winter-Swallow." The poem that gives the book its name is a long one telling in dramatic form the story of Clembrotus and Chelonis.

—Mr. J. A. Mitchell of *Life* seems to be making a reputation for himself as an author. He will follow up the successful "Amos Judd" with a volume of short stories, "That First Affair, and Other Sketches," to be published by the Messrs. Scribner.

—The Messrs. Scribner will be the American publishers of "The Unpublished Works of Edward Gibbon," including seven autobiographies, correspondence, etc., printed verbatim from MSS. in the possession of the Earl of Sheffield, with a preface, by the Earl of Sheffield. These MSS. have since been acquired by the British Museum.

—Among the prices paid on the first day (Nov. 9) of the sale of the H. F. Sewall library by Messrs. Bangs & Co., were \$102.50, for an edition of Anacreon (Parma, 1791), from the Beckford library; \$25 for André's "The Cow Chase: An Heroick Poem in Three Cantos" (London, 1781); \$45 for an extra-illustrated copy of Baker's "American Engravers and their Works"; and \$52 for Mitford's copy of Beaumont's Poems. The "Comedies and Tragedies" of Beaumont and Fletcher (London, 1647) brought \$20.

—Messrs. Way & Williams will publish this month "The Acrobatic Muse," a collection of humorous verses by R. K. Munkittrick, gathered from different periodicals. In December they will bring out "Hours with Famous Parisians."

—Mr. Marion Crawford is again in New York, looking hale and hearty after his summer's yachting in a pilot-boat.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for early publication "Karine: A Story of Swedish Love," in their series of Tales from Foreign Lands. They are about to issue "Fairy Starlight and the Dolls," a book for children, by Elizabeth S. Bakely, illustrated.

—Mr. Lecky has finished his biographical and critical introduction for the new edition of Swift's prose works.

—"The True Life of Captain Sir Richard Burton," by his niece, Georgiana Stisted, is coming from an English press. It appears that the Burton family do not like Lady Burton's book about her husband. In this new biography the family's idea of its famous member is presented.

—A special service to the memory of Marie Bashkirtseff was held in the Russian church, Rue Daru, Paris, on Nov. 1.

—The United States Supreme Court affirmed on Nov. 9 the judgment of the state courts awarding to Miss Harriet Monroe \$5000 damages against the New York *World*, for the premature publication, without her authority, of the World's Fair Ode.

—Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, who returned to England only a few months ago, after climbing the New Zealand Alps, has left that country on his proposed exploring expedition to the Chilean Andes.

—An English and an American writer (Mr. William Tebb and Col. Vollum) have collaborated in the work on "Premature Burial" announced by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. They discuss their subject in the severest scientific way, discussing trance, catalepsy and other forms of suspended animation.

—The Peter Paul Book Co. of Buffalo announces for early publication "Kallirrhoe," a dramatic poem, by Philip Becker Goetz.

—The November smoker of the Booksellers' League will be held at Hardman Hall, on Nov. 20. Mr. A. Growoll will lecture on "The Book Salesman," and Mr. W. H. Parker will exhibit a series of "objective book titles."

—Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson of California, the author of a volume of verse entitled "In This Our World," has been lecturing in England. Her former husband, by the way, married some time ago the famous Dr. Channing's granddaughter, who has made some reputation in verse and romance as Grace Ellery Channing.

—Mr. S. L. Ollif, manager of the Phoenix Publishing Co., London, is to bring out "The Woman's Bible" in England. The second part of the book is in preparation.

—Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, who has recently arrived in New York for the winter, sent to a London periodical before she sailed an article on "Factory Legislation for Women." During her stay in this country, she will deliver a series of lectures on economic subjects before the students of Vassar College, of which institution she is a graduate.

—There is to be a new edition of Macaulay's works, in ten volumes, including Sir George Trevelyan's biography. The editor is not announced, but presumably Sir George Trevelyan himself will take charge of the work. There will be no illustrations.

—The library of the late William Morris will be sold by his executors. Though not large, it is very valuable, abounding in illuminated manuscripts, mediaeval missals and psalters and the earliest printed wood-cut books. Morris bought books for their beauty as well as their rarity. The collection really belongs in the British Museum, but it is not likely that it will be saved from the public auction-room.

—A composers' concert for the benefit of the Aquilar Free Library will be given at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall on the evening of Dec. 1. Among the composers who will appear are Messrs. D. P. Warren, E. S. Kelly, H. H. Huss, Walter Damosch, E. A. MacDowell, B. O. Klein and Howard Brockway. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman will sing on this interesting occasion, and Mr. H. T. Finck will give an introductory talk.

—Mr. Elkin Mathews, London, announces for publication shortly "Napoleon's Opera-Glass," by Lew Rosen. The book will treat of Napoleon as a critic and patron of the drama, and will dwell upon his relations with playwrights and players.

—According to the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, M. Zola's "Paris" is going to be a great book, "or, at least, that is the impression which the author has allowed to escape. 'Paris' will be like a boiling vat—a vat in the process of fermentation; the intellectual life, the life of the work-people, the Chamber of Deputies, the law courts, the literary and artistic worlds, all that there is in our great city will be represented. This is a little crushing, and Zola's touch is never very light; but 'Paris,' he promises, will be a work 'rather optimistic.'"

—The winter home and library of Miss Octavia French (Octave Thanet), at Elmwood, Ark., were destroyed by fire on Nov. 8. The family narrowly escaped. The loss is estimated at \$12,000.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

ANSWER

1818.—The University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Finance and Economy gives a four years' course "for young men looking toward journalism as a career" (established in the fall of '93). It is designed "not only to give the student a thorough training in history, politics and economics, but also to make him ready and accurate in the application of his knowledge to the discussion of current issues and the solution of current problems." The studies in this course include newspaper practice, current topics, art and history of newspaper making and newspaper law, besides the regular work of the Wharton School in public law and politics, business law and practice, economics and social science, American history, German, mathematics and the sciences. Joseph French Johnson, A.B., Professor of Journalism, who has charge of this course, was formerly one of the editors of *The Springfield Republican* (1882-84), financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune* (1887-90) and editor of the *Spokane Spokesman* (1890-92).


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Arditi, Luigi. Memoirs. Ed. by Baroness von Zedlitz. \$3.50.
Aylesworth, B. O. Song and Fable.
Bales, Herbert. Songs of Exile. 75c.
Baumba, h's Der Schwiegersohn. 30c.
Bellamy, W. A Second Century of Chardas. \$1.
Benedix's Plautus and Terens. Die Stagesänger. 35c.
Besant, Walter. The City of Refuge. \$1.50.
Bigelow, Poulney. History of the German Struggle for Liberty. \$1.50.
Book of Wonder Voyages. Ed. by J. Jacoba. \$1.50.
Bourlienne, L. A. F. de. Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. 2 vols. \$3.
Brown, V. My Brother.
Brown, A. R. Culture and Reform. 35c.
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Burgin, C. D. Gascoigne's Ghost. \$1.
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Carlyle, Thomas. On Heroes and Hero-Worship.
Carus, Paul. Karma: A Story of Early Buddhism.
Caro, E. Idylle Nuptiale. Paris: Calmann Levy; New York: Brentano's.
Castlemon, Harry. The Young Game Warden.
Dante. The New Life. (La Vita Nuova). Tr. by Dante G. Rossetti. \$1.
Dawson, W. J. The Story of Hannah. \$1.50.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. Malvern. Illus. \$1.50.
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